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THE PACIFIC



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Number 52

A New Leaf.

HE came to my desk with a quivering lip
The lesson was done.
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said;
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

—Carrie Shaw Price.

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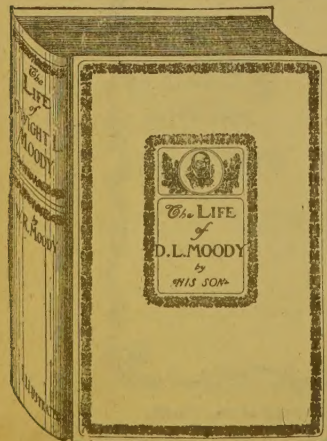
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, December 27, 1900

A Day of Opportunity.

Among the grand historic scenes of the nineteenth century stands one which we wish to recall here on the Pacific Coast in this closing week of the century. It will take the mind back more than sixty years in our history—back to a point on the Pacific side of the Rocky Mountains. A little band of people from the far East had been journeying for months across the plains and up over the mountains. They had crossed the divide and had reached the places where the streams of water went tumbling down, surely toward this Western sea. Kneeling there around the Bible, with the Stars and Stripes floating over them, they took possession of this side of the continent for Christ and his Church. A new era dawned then for the Pacific Coast. The White man's Book of God, the quest for which had led those Northwest Indians on a long journey eastward over mountain and plain, entered then into the history of that great region toward which the little caravan was heroically journeying. It has been that Bible more than anything else that has made that region of our great West what it is today. It was the Bible that saved the Oregon country to the republic. Marcus Whitman, the man who made that memorable ride across the mountains to Washington a few years later, was a Bible man—one of that little band kneeling there and with prayer and praise taking possession of the land for a greater than earthly king. The desire to give the Bible to a people sitting in darkness and to plant there a Christian civilization nerved him to that great endeavor, which proved that the Oregon country could be reached by women and children; and out of all this came later those events which drew our northern border where it is drawn today. And it is not improbable that the saving of that Northwest region to the republic

had much to do in the bringing into our possession at a later date of California. A stronger foothold to the north would have made Great Britain more daring and strenuous in those days leading up to the raising of the American flag by Commodore Sloat at Monterey.

Those historical events placed on the western slope of the continent two great nations of Anglo-Saxons. It is the Anglo-Saxon people who for several centuries have done more than any other for the world's advancement. And now, when it is plainly seen that the Pacific Ocean region is to be the arena of the world's great future these two nations look out across these waters toward millions just awakening from the sleep of ages. Each has vantage ground beyond the sea, providentially, we believe, given unto it, and each is summoned to exert an influence which will lift that old world up toward God.

The Pacific Coast has need to remember here in the dawning of the twentieth century that Rocky Mountain scene—the men and women kneeling around the Book, with the American flag floating over them, and with prayer and praise to God taking possession of the land sloping down to the sea for Christ and his Church.

That, as well as the general course of events in our national history, indicates that God has designed this nation to further his eternal plans for the good of man. The nation was cradled in Christianity. The Pilgrim Fathers had a faith in God and a purpose to serve him that swayed not more than the finger of Faith on the monument at Plymouth sways in its pointing toward the eternal blue. They consecrated this land to the King of Kings, and they did nobly in the endeavor to make it his forever. Others since them have walked in their footsteps—as did that little band on the

slopes of the Rockies. We unto whom has come this heritage shall merit the curse of Meroz if we come not up to the help of the Lord in this day of our splendid opportunity.

Prayer for Missionaries.

Last year a unique work of love was undertaken by Rev. A. W. Ackerman, pastor of the First Congregational church of Portland, in which the hearts of many foreign missionaries were gladdened. Each day of each week one of the missionaries and his field were specially remembered in prayer, and a letter was also written which we know to have been of much comfort and encouragement to all who were fortunate enough to receive them. Last April there came from Dr. M. P. Parmelee of Trebizond, Turkey, this acknowledgement: "It goes without saying that we are greatly gratified and strengthened to find that we are specially remembered and prayed for by Christian friends whom we have never seen. Nothing of exactly this kind has occurred to me before during the thirty-seven years of my missionary life. May we take it as an indication of new personal interest in missionaries on the part of praying friends at home? I hope so. I marvel that you should be able to add seven letters each week to your other heavy duties."

On the 30th day of May Rev. D. H. Clapp, later one of the martyrs in China, wrote from Taiku: "Your very kind and fraternal letter reached us by our last messenger from Poating-fu, and though I have many things I want to attend to at once, I must take time to tell you how much good it has done us to know that you and your dear people have been remembering us, and are still doing so, at the throne of grace. It is this sort of sympathy and appreciation that helps as much as anything that can be done for missionaries and their work. Your letter came at just the right time to most encourage us."

Writing in August from the American Collegiate Institute at Smyrna, Turkey, Alexander MacLachlen told of the joy and comfort arising from a knowledge that the Lord's work entrusted to them was thus remembered. This letter expressed the feeling that financial aid is not the only need, nor indeed the primary obligation of the home churches to those whom they have sent forth. The thought was

that the financial aid would follow naturally and spontaneously when by prayer and sympathy the church had come to recognize the oneness and interdependence of the work at home and abroad.

Learning of this custom on the part of the pastor of the Portland church, while in attendance at the annual meeting of the Oregon Association last September, the present writer asked to be permitted to see and make use of some of the letters received in reply. All convey expression of so much gratitude that it seems as if other pastors and churches might, if they had knowledge thereof, be inclined to enter into similar service. Beginning in October five other Oregon churches united with the First church of Portland in this work. A missionary was selected for each day in the week, to be remembered in prayer by the pastors of all the churches and such members as would join in the service, the letter on Monday to be written by one pastor, the one on Tuesday by another, and so on through the week. The churches uniting were: Forest Grove, Astoria, Hassalo Street, Mississippi Avenue, Sunnyside and First of Portland. This arrangement left to the pastor and church inaugurating the movement the writing of letters only on Saturday and Sunday.

We commend the idea and service to others. It will help not only the missionaries, but it will help and bless every pastor and church engaging in it. There cannot fail to come a larger interest in missions and thus a richer spiritual experience, and all in all more fruitage. "Herein is my Father glorified," said Christ, "that ye bear much fruit. So shall ye be my disciples."

Broadway Tabernacle, New York, has a unique organization called "The Win One Society." It has no officers, holds no meetings, asks no annual dues and has no constitution and no by-laws. The requirements are that each member promise to try during the year to induce at least one person to become a regular attendant at public worship, or a regular attendant at the prayer service, or a regular attendant at the Bible school, or to persuade some one person to become a Christian, or some one person to join the church. The object of the society is to concentrate at-

tention and effort and thus to abolish vagueness and render more fruitful the Christian work of the church.

Notes.

Among the Eastern friends of the present writer who are doing what they can in the interests of the Master's Kingdom is a lady who has for some time been the superintendent of the box work, in her church, for home missionaries. Many a choice box has gone out from that church and many have been the pleasant letters that have come back from the recipients. Not long ago a box was sent out which, in addition to a large amount of second-hand articles, contained many that were entirely new, such as blankets, sheets, pillow slips, towels, new shoes and new clothing for nearly all the family. The letter that was received soon, in acknowledgment, was so badly worded and contained so many misspelled words, little "T's," etc., etc., that the lady couldn't believe that any one writing such a letter could be in the work of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Accordingly, inquiry was made in New York to ascertain whether the box had really gone into the hands of one of our own missionaries. Assurance was given that it had, and along with this went the statement that the missionary could talk better than he could write, and was a worthy and useful man. We are reminded by this of an occurrence some years ago in another denomination in Ohio. A minister had complained publicly that the editor of the denominational paper was not publishing his articles, on a certain controverted matter, as they were written. Soon another contribution was sent, which the provoked editor printed exactly as written. It was a sight to behold. Grammatical errors, misspelled words, badly constructed sentences—well, we have never seen anything like it, and do not expect to ever in the future. But that man had been for years a successful preacher of the gospel among well-to-do and intelligent people. He had a good mind, and ranked in the pulpit above many a minister far better educated in the schools.

Not long ago the Rev. Charles R. Brown preached a sermon on "The Mixture of Good and Evil," taking as a text the words, "The kingdom of heaven is like a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind. When it was full they drew it to shore, and sat down and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." The sermon contained so many excellent and practical thoughts that the Baker Printing Company of Oakland has

published it in a little pamphlet. The following quotation may fall on ground needing this kind of seed. "There are hot-headed reformers, too, who might read the wise counsels of this parable with profit. If they find tares in a certain field of human interest or enjoyment, they would burn it up, wheat and all, without delay. If the church has not seen fit to identify itself with scholasticism, single tax, collectivism, or any other specific economic program, or if it has seemed to be somewhat remiss in its opposition to greed, oppression and other social wrongs, it is cast out and denounced as the paid tool of the rich, and the foe of the wage earner. If the church refuses to accept some definite political policy as the panacea for the evils of intemperance, it is condemned as 'in league with the rum power,' as making 'a covenant with death and hell.' If right-minded, purehearted people, having the general welfare in constant view, still insist on prudence and deliberation, and refuse to obey the call of every professional reformer who sets out as a towncrier to summon the citizens to his line of action, they are sometimes written down as dull conservatives and opponents of progress. All along the line there would be a great gain in sanity and effectiveness if there could come a general sitting down to a time of thoughtfulness and discrimination, that the good might be gathered in and the bad cast away."

Frequently it is asserted that prohibitory liquor laws are not enforced anywhere and cannot be enforced. Enemies of the temperance movement say this and even some temperance people are brought to believe it. While abroad the Rev. C. M. Sheldon of Topeka, Kansas, spoke in a highly commendatory manner of the prohibitory law in his state, saying among other things that the law is enforced as much as any other law is enforced. Since then the Topeka correspondent of the New York Tribune has written: "As to the amount of drunkenness in Kansas in comparison with other states or communities, the statement of Mr. Sheldon is amply confirmed, not only by statistics, but by the observation of those who visit Kansas, and the Kansans who travel to other states. The real fact is simply this: There are no drunkards in Kansas. The bleary-eyed, pimply-cheeked old soak, who reeled about all day, steaming with whisky or beer, is a thing of the past. The people in Kansas who drink red liquor are of two classes—those who drink it in their homes, and those who hop, skip and jump, seeking some place where they can find a person who has a bottle, or keg in some back room, attic or cellar. If they find such a person and such a place, they get their drinks and go

—they go at once. Their business is too risky to have any standing around or loafing on the premises. Haste and plenty of work to do are not conducive to liquor drinking, and the prosperity which Kansas is now enjoying in a great measure can be attributed to its temperate population." Something quite similar has been the experience in every community where Prohibition has been given a fair trial. At first, in those states in which there are local option laws, the drinking has been made especially obnoxious where liquor could be purchased by the quart or by the five-gallon, with the intent to bring people to prefer the other method of sale. But in time these attempts have failed and a better condition has continued. Now, as to our university town. Of course drinking will continue there, even though the saloon be prohibited. But it will be under ban, and cannot do the damage that the wide-open saloon does. In the interests of the youth of California, let the Berkeley friends of temperance resolve that the saloon must go. Fight it out along the line they have started on if it takes a half-dozen of Grant's "all summer."

The Religious World.

The Sunday evenings of the month of December are given by the Rev. Dr. David N. Beach of the First Congregational church of Denver to "End of the Century Sermons." Subjects: "The Century in Science and Invention," "The Century in Government and Society," "The Century in Literature and Ideals," "The Century in Religion," "The Century's Deepest Meanings."

The missionary work among the Chinese in San Francisco and other parts of the Pacific Coast is a large work, and shows much fruitage from year to year. That work was commenced in 1852 by the Rev. Dr. William Speer, who had been for four years a missionary in Canton, China, but whose failing health there sent him back to this country. In his recent book, "The Chinaman As We See Him," Dr. I. M. Condit says: "Regular preaching services were begun in February, 1853, before a large audience of Chinese and Americans. A Sabbath school was speedily commenced in connection with this service. The first sermon was preached in Chinese, and afterwards repeated in English. The first American missionary to China, the Rev. Dr. E. C. Bridgman, and his wife, being in the city, were present at this first service and Dr. Bridgman made a short address. A number of Chinese Christians who had been converted in China were found in San Francisco, and four of these were organized into a Chinese

church on November 6, 1853. This was the first Chinese church in the New World. The elder chosen was Lai Sam, a brother of the wife of Leung-A-fah, a famous evangelist in China—the first native evangelist in modern times. He was ordained by Rev. Dr. Robert Morrison, the first modern missionary in China."

The Methodists of San Francisco and vicinity who have in hand the arrangements for the Epworth League International Convention of 1901 are holding great expectations for the convention. Undoubtedly, there will be a large attendance, and quite an inspiration will be received. The Christian Advocate believes that California is better prepared to appreciate the coming of this convention than it was to receive and appreciate the C. E. convention. "The Christian Endeavor Convention," says Dr. Bovard, "opened the way, and demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of California that the young people of this nation are the most royal and delightful guests that ever came within the reach of its hospitality. The Christian Endeavor Convention changed public sentiment in one short week. Thousands of people in this State hardened through years of neglect and indifference to the whole subject of Christianity were deeply impressed. In canvassing this State for the release of the churches from taxation we found everywhere the marks of this great Christian demonstration. It was a new interpretation of Christianity to the average citizen. He had been thinking all to himself that religion was a set of rigid rules, inflexible creeds, but he found through these young people that it was a most glorious life. It met his ideals. There has never been one day since that great host of God's believing, singing, spirit-filled children, came swarming in thousands over the mountains that California has not been growing in moral and spiritual strength. There is power in numbers. Moral ideas have been higher, duty has been stronger, and every tie of civil society has been strengthened. This was the beginning—the breaking up of the crust of public sentiment. The International Epworth League will have many advantages. The conditions of travel will be greatly improved. California was then in adversity; she is now rising to the crest of a wave of prosperity. This great commonwealth has shown its good will to the Christian people by releasing the churches from taxation. There never was such a broad and tolerant spirit in the State as there is at present."

Rev. H. H. Wikoff spent Sunday at Reno, Nevada. He brought back one new name for The Pacific.

Forefathers' Day

The attendance was good at the meeting of the Congregational Club of San Francisco and vicinity last Saturday evening in celebration of Forefathers' Day. It was Ladies' Night, and about one hundred and ten persons sat around the tables in the banquet hall at the California hotel.

Speaking concerning "The Puritan Idea in the National Life of the East," President Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve University said, in substance: No nation is born in a day. Each nation is born of numberless yesterdays. The Puritan movement had a long birth time. The fifteenth century was a great century. It gave us a new world; it gave us a new old world. It was great in government and in discovery and in religion. This was the birth age of the Puritan and Pilgrim movement. Two classes of people ere long found their way to this new world. The one touching on the shores of Virginia came for self-advantage, for self-aggrandizement—to make a living; the one touching on the New England shores came to live a life; came in obedience to conscience and to God. The Puritan idea was four-stranded. In it were righteousness, education, force and liberty. The idea became an ideal and therefore a mighty force in the world. The transformation of the idea into the ideal was due to the Puritan's thought of his relation to God. He came; he had to come; he couldn't help coming. It was a parental instinct, a missionary instinct and spirit, and with him was the hope of doing something worth while for the kingdom of God in America. Immanuel college, springing up out of this Puritan life in England, was the acorn from which had grown Harvard and Yale, the University of California, Stanford and other educational institutions. The idea was made the ideal, the ideal possessed the human heart, and then the persons went forth to make that ideal a realization. The monument at Plymouth looks out across desert places, but the hand of Faith points ever toward the eternal blue. This stands for an idea, made an ideal, of faith in God and loyalty to God. It is by this Puritan idea of faith in and loyalty to God that the materialism and sensualism of the day are to be overcome.

Charles R. Brown spoke on "The Puritan Idea in the Life of the Pacific Coast."

Referring to what President Thwing had said concerning the class of people who had settled in Virginia, Mr. Brown traced his own descent to that part of our national domain, and then in a happy manner elevated those Virginia pioneers to their proper level by recalling the fact that when the colonies were wanting some one to lead their armies in the

war with the mother country they turned with one accord to Virginia. Thomas Jefferson was also a Virginian, and all in all seven Presidents had come from that region to which the people had come simply "to make a living." Laughter prevailed, and none seemed to enjoy the retort more fully than the speaker whose remarks had drawn it out.

Proceeding, Mr. Brown said that the Puritan idea was one-sided. They builded on knowledge and righteousness. They were deficient in art and beauty and in social qualities. However, the Puritan currents had ever a tendency to run out the alloy, and so the useless was generally in time left out, the useful and valuable retained. He could not rejoice, he said, as some do, that the Puritan idea had been considerably shaken off by many people by the time they reached California. A little more of the Puritan idea would make it possible for us to do better by the people across the sea—as well as by ourselves at home. The thrifty and economical ways of the Puritan were contrasted with the extravagant ways of Californians. There was found here a perilous unwillingness to adapt living to the means. The lack here of that serious purpose in life, always characteristic of the Puritan, was regarded as a peril. Life in California was represented also as deficient in moral leadership. This was accounted for in part by an unwillingness on the part of the people to be led. There is little reverence for others, and far too little for God. And the dangers threatening us in our national life were found not at all in narrowness or bigotry.

H. J. McCoy, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco spoke in conclusion on "What Part Shall the Puritan Idea Have in the Civilization of the Far East?" The applied principles of Puritanism were said to be a greater civilizer than all the armies of the world combined. America was not born to follow, but to lead. Nations of the world already pay us homage. It was shown by their own statements that Japan and China and Corea already owe much to America, and now those lands beyond the sea were demanding our best. Men of sterling worth, of education and piety must be sent to them. Asia for Christ should be our twentieth century motto, and by the application of Puritan principles we shall surely win, and our own star of empire shall rise higher and higher, for righteousness exalteth a nation.

Rev. Huber Burr and wife wish to thank, through The Pacific, some friend in Berkeley (who lets not her left hand know what her right hand doeth) for sending magazines, etc. Their address is now 2909 San Jose Ave., Station L, San Francisco.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Hloha.

These fallible hands, dear friends, which your kind words have kept going in cabins and on cars, picking up simplest acorns in one of the gardens of God may write Christmas, 1901, and a few more in the twentieth century, but must grow infallible if my Master takes me up next century into His School above. He will teach me to write Love. I repress a Methodist hallelujah at the thought. And yet I may be excused a little of their fervor, for I am put, by the kindness of dear Brother Coy, who is sick, in charge of the watch-night services in Saratoga. My convictions favor New Year morning praise and promise services rather than watch-night exhaustions, as life's ordinary rule, but I have asked a special dispensation of the Great Physician to see the dying century out as becometh a King's child. I want to close the century in peace with God and man. Asked also to help Bro. Banham at Cloverdale in leading some of his dear youth under Christ's blessed yoke in the New Year. One preparation is a baptism of my own needy soul in the peace I seek for others. Therefore, as if this were my dying hour, as I pray it may be to selfishness and all known sin, I ask all dear Coast friends, or friends these acorn shreds may reach anywhere, to forgive any wrong I may have done them. If there be time, and you think it wise, give me opportunity to explain. But time is short, and where there be need forgive me. Tell me so in a loving word, which were richer than gold of Ophir—or of California. Tell my Father so, and take the blessing of the forgiving. And may that Divine Brother whom I never saw so vividly as of late dying for me on that tree on the skull-shaped hill outside Jerusalem's stony walls, confirm your Christly act. The only complaint made clear to me is that I have brusquely tried to brush, boost, bounce some of you into a blistering Old Testament subscription of a terrific tithe to God. Forgive me, beloved. Even as I confess my fault I have not meant to sin. The least among my brethren, the preachers, and so little of a theologian that Seminary Hill has been a far-away Mecca I rarely see, my sensitive eyes have been so overwhelmed with the sense of partnership with God, by reason of heart and pocket obedience, that my few nickels left have shone with colors of burnished gold. And thus I have spoken with a confidence like that I have felt in telling the Coast world that Saratoga's Blossom Fete is an unsurpassed sight in America. I know it; I *know* it. And I know that John iii: 16 is true, for it is in my heart of hearts. If this be my last acorn before my

ravished eyes see the King in his beauty in the celestial Eden, believe John iii: 16 for your soul, and start with Jacob's tithe now for soul and pocket, and begin your giving for eternal life by paying your tithes. This is no blistering prescription of priestly autocracy, but a royal proclamation. I have read to some sure depth for your successful and prosperous partnership with God. It is a secret of material riches and spiritualizing. Huntington's millions, could I share them with you, were chaff in comparison with this honor offered you.

A LITTLE EXHORTATION.

Brother pastors, let us try to love men into the Kingdom. Let us give up our cold, Puritan, intellectual way, if by warm Methodist or gentle Christian method we can start them under the yoke which is easy. If it be a hard burden for a bustling boy to testify in an Endeavor prayer-meeting, let us make a league with him to do some first errand, a kindness for Christ's sake, and so get a start towards heaven for earth's greatest century. Maybe you can pledge some dear old sailor to listen to the ladies and the girlies for one year in Christian Endeavor, and prove what they may have found out of real joy in service. The drudgery of picking up prunes, if done cheerfully, is just as real service for Christ and men as Nathaniel's devotion under the fig tree, which Jesus saw and loved. My love—my love! This is the Christmas salutation, fathers, friends and brethren, for the Christmas holidays. May the fullness, the winsomeness, the gladness, the victories of Immanuel be yours.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis will, within a short time, publish from the Revell press, a new volume entitled "Fighting One's Doubts." The theme of the book will be to provide a basis for those who are building a working Christian faith now that the crucial era of higher criticism and limited skepticism has passed by. It will be Dr. Hillis' aim to survey what has been left of the old religious bulwarks after all the wars that have been made upon them, and show where these still provide a foundation for a deep and fundamental belief in the great truths of Christiani-

In Myself

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

—Louisa M. Alcott.

A Hundred Years Ago.

BY REV. GEORGE. C. ADAMS.

As we are closing a most eventful century our faith may be strengthened by a backward glance and the question, What were the conditions at its beginning? We are shocked by recent events, and deplore the barbarity that cuts off the heads of Christians in China; but a century ago they were doing it in Paris, doing it every day, and under the orders of those who just then constituted the government. It was a trifle before the beginning of our century, but shows the spirit of those times. And this great contrast, by which that which was deplorable, done then by the best races of the world, is done now only by the worst, goes through every department of life and work.

George III was king of England, having seen his colonies successfully contend against him for their independence. He had been twice insane, and was destined in a few years more to become permanently so. Wm. Pitt was just closing his career as Prime Minister, to be reappointed a few years later, but under such conditions that it might have been better for him if he could have escaped it. Napoleon was First Consul of France, soon to be proclaimed Emperor. John Adams was President of the United States, but he rose before daylight on the 4th of March, 1801, and hurried away to Massachusetts in his coach, raging like a madman because his successful rival, Thomas Jefferson, was that day to be inaugurated as President, whichevent the retiring President would not witness. Our country was in the throes of a great agitation, whose object was to insure fair treatment from England and France, who were in a deadly struggle, and both of whom treated us with contempt. France was conquered by diplomacy, and with England we fought it out in 1812. We had not then learned the value of arbitration, by which means any differences with either of these two nations would now be almost certain of adjustment; a hundred years ago war was the only way of settling disputes; war now between ourselves and any of the civilized nations of the world is extremely unlikely; our recent war with Spain was on a principle that would hardly have led any nation to fight a century ago, that of determination to protect a weaker state, and to free it from slavery, and give it a stable government.

Strangely enough the century began, as the next one will, in a violent outburst against existing institutions; it was more irreligious than the present one; if this is marked by diatribes against the Christianity of Christians, it is because of the supposition that it

is not sincere; but the attacks of a century ago were against Christianity as such. The literature of the period took the form of a fanatical and intolerant irreligion. French infidelity had permeated the thought of many of the best men of the day; it has always been difficult to tell where to class, religiously, Jefferson, Adams and Franklin, and they were among the very best of our politicians then. The most virile writers of that day were busy on revolutionary topics, that either produced the great convulsion in Europe or helped it on. It was the day of the popularity of Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," and if we wish to know whether the public taste has undergone any change in a century we need only recollect how complete a failure was the attempt of the brilliant Col. Robert Ingersoll to resurrect Voltaire and Paine to popular favor.

The daily press came in for criticism then as now, and it may help us to see that the tone of the press has not gone down hill if we note the epithets then applied to it. Grouping together most of the leading papers of that time one author speaks of them as "those vapid sheets." In their politics they were said to be "fickle and false"; they were "the poisoned springs from learning's fountain"; "blind guides," "anonymous slanderers"; the newspaper editors were "mutual thieves from each other's hoard";—

"Their runners ramble day and night,
To drag each lurking deed to open light;
For daily bread the dirty trade they ply,
Coin their fresh tales, and live upon the lie."

These were the criticisms on the press of a century ago.

One of our university presidents recently made some of us wonder if he was unusually dyspeptic, when he spoke in public of "our decadent literature." It was better said a hundred years ago, when a despairing poet exclaimed,—

"No grandeur now in nature or in book
Delights us."

And yet the English-speaking world was in the commencement of an era almost as grand as the Elizabethan. Coleridge and Wordsworth were even then being lampooned by the merciless critics of their day, and had to wait for another generation to appreciate their real greatness. Shelley, Byron, Crabbe, Sir Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Mrs. Barbauld, Hannah More, Coleridge, Lamb, Hogg, Felicia Hemans, Southey, Hood, Tom Moore, Wordsworth, Charlotte Bronte, Douglas Jerrold, De Quincey, Lingard, Macaulay, Flaxman, Dugald Stuart, Sir Humphrey Davy, Hazlitt, Bentham, Adam Clarke, Sir Astley Cooper, Hugh Miller—we have hardly begun on the list of noble names that have made the early half of this century memorable in litera-

ture. Away with pessimism—we cannot afford to yield ourselves to it. We have no right to say the former days were better than these. Some of those we affect to despise will be classed among the immortals when we are dead and forgotten. No period has seemed to promise less in literature than that just preceding the beginning of the nineteenth century, and none has been grander than the age that followed. The useless and demoralizing type of books that filled the public library a hundred years ago were doomed while poets were bemoaning the low state of popular taste.

A hundred years ago the ministry as a whole, if they could be reproduced for our inspection, would surprise us. The churchmen of that time were marked by slovenly neglect and rustic coarseness; there was frequently a lack of backbone; it was surprising how gently and apologetically most of them dealt with Tom Paine; drinking of strong liquors was common among them. Rev. I. N. Tarbox, D.D., said in 1876, that not very far from the period of the Revolution several councils were held in one town in Massachusetts, where the people were trying to get rid of a minister who was often drunk in the pulpit and at the communion table; but neighboring ministers stood by him, and the people had to endure him till he died. It would be hard to get such a man supported by neighboring ministers now. Leading church members held their Sunday card parties, and the general condition of society was such that Wilberforce started on his second crusade "to reform his country's manners."

It is hard for us to understand how all the present interest in missions is of recent growth; the beginning of the century saw but little of it. Nearly all the missionary societies in the world, and all in the United States, had their beginning since the year 1800. The past century has seen a deepening of religious conviction and a practical application of Christian principles such as has not been since the days of the apostles. The growth of the Sunday-school, of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, have been as marvelous as the discovery of the safety lamp, the invention of the printing press, or the advance in all the sciences. We are led by wonders of the past to enter the new century with living and aggressive faith.

Certainly love is the force by which, and home the place in which, God chiefly fashions souls to their fine issues.—Rev. W. C. Gammett.

Failure sometimes leads to success.

What the Children Have Done During the Century.

J. R. KNODELL.

A century! It's a long time in a single lifetime. It fills the entire duration of the longest. It's a short time in the life of a nation, and allows opportunity for the development of but a few phases of the nation's character. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, a little fringe of land on the Atlantic coast was all there was of our now grand Republic.

A group of children in a meadow spy out each bunch of daisies and buttercups, and run from one to the other, picking eagerly and greedily, till the whole field is trodden by their eager feet, and the marks of their activity are everywhere seen, and the "hello" of their merry voices is on every breeze that blows. So has it been with the eager children of this youngest of the nations, during the past century. First, their eyes fell upon the trans-Appalachian country, and they scampered in scores and hundreds to fill that lovely land. Then the fertile prairies beyond, to the banks of the "Father of Waters," call for their hurrying feet and busy hands. Soon they are away to the valley of the "Big Muddy," till the Missouri, on either bank, is dotted by the evidences of their industry. The nation's adopted children, from Germany, occupy the beautifully undulating, wooded country of Southern Wisconsin, and make it their new "Fatherland." The Northmen hear of cold but fertile Minnesota, and they come in thousands from the homes of the old "Sea-kings," and make as complete, though a bloodless conquest of our new northern commonwealth, as did their forefathers on whatever shores the prows of their great ships touched.

Midway in the century, the golden poppies of California were discovered to strike their roots into a golden soil. Away, by the isthmus of Panama, scamper the children to gather the golden wealth of the Pacific Slope. Pushing a frontier up the valleys of the rivers that emptied their waters into the great ocean of the setting sun; and pushing still up into the mountains on the sunset side, they soon met, on the top of the Rockies, those who conquered the country from the East; and the whole land is ours. Southern California cried: "Bathe my arid sands with the streams that flow from my mountains, and the 'desert shall blossom with the rose,' and 'apples of gold in frames of silver' shall reward him who heeds my voice." Soon, the burning sands of the valleys, refreshed by the melted snows of the mountains, are filled with thousands of lovely homes and tens of thousands of happy people.

Alaska was purchased for a song in 1867. For years many considered it not worth the

song given to call it American territory. But again the cry is raised of exhaustless wealth, in golden dust and nuggets, for which men crush and crowd each other. Soon the Arctic Circle is the objective point of the children's mad rush. The wear and waste of the gold of commerce and ornamentation are soon made good by the rich argosies hurried south, before the Frost King shall throw winter's bar across the door; and again as soon as belated spring, rubbing the Arctic sleep from her eyes, grudgingly breaks old winter's lock and sets them free for their southern voyage.

But though the tireless feet of our children have ransacked every nook and corner of our vast continental inheritance, they are not yet ready to lie down to dreams. The enthusiasm of youth is still upon them. During the wonderful century that is just ready to say "Farewell," our youthful push and rush for self alone has given place somewhat to a grander motive for living. Moses-like, our nation feels the throb of manhood in its veins, and as the "servant of God" stood up and defended the daughters of Midian's prince from the abuse and oppression of the cruel nomad shepherds of the desert, so our nation has become a liberator. In 1812, when the century was young, we heard the last clink of the tyrant's chain drop from our neck. In 1865 we learned that a nation is not entirely free if a single soul, white or black, hears the taskmaster's call. Then we struck the shackles from the wrists of four millions of black men. At how great a price obtained we our freedom! Now, when the century is not yet ended, we stand up to defend the peoples of the islands from the cruel, four-century-old nomad of the seas, that Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines may come unhindered to the well of liberty. What a grand use for our freedom—to make others free! At the century's opening, smarting beneath oppression's bitterness; at its middle, travelling in pain at the birth of true freedom; at the century's end, grown strong to break the bonds of the oppressor from the necks of other millions. From a slave to a liberator! Good-bye, old Century. Thank God for the gifts he sent us, wrapped in the unfolding garment of thy passing years!

Santa Cruz, Dec. 20, 1900.

L. B. Valk, an architect, formerly of Brooklyn but now of Los Angeles, has forwarded to the representative of the Building Society two designs for church edifices, somewhat unique and very attractive. They are exposed to view at the Congregational rooms, and it will be well for pastors and others interested in planning for a new house of worship to examine the same. Mr. Valk promises another design in the near future.

* A Christian Problem for the New Century

PROF. F. H. FOSTER.

I call this a Christian rather than a church problem, because it will not be solved by the organization of the church; but it will be solved by Christians, or by nobody, for only Christians have any real interest in seeing it solved. It is the problem of distributing the advantages of the progress of civilization among all classes and all individuals in society. The only man who has an interest in this is the Christian, for he is the only man who recognizes the duty of loving one's neighbor as one's self.

The past century has been a great century for progress in the idea of personal freedom. It began in France with the greatest movement for the redress of age-long wrongs of man against man which the world has ever seen. It was humanity, outraged by individual oppression and by cruel personal injustice, that arose and revenged itself. The middle of the century was the scene of a great enthusiasm for the redress of the slave, for the giving of mere personal liberty to him who was not free; and this enthusiasm carried men through the great war which resulted in the abolition of American slavery. The latter part of the century has therefore been characterized by two things which have gone hand in hand—the spirit of unrestrained individualism and the enormous increase of the agencies and appliances of material civilization. Hence, the greatest improvements have been made in the producing power of every individual laborer in the realm of industry; but the profits of this increase have been almost wholly absorbed by the strong man, who felt it right to absorb them because he could. If one man can do the work in weaving cotton in 1900 which nineteen men were required to do in 1800, the one man has received next to nothing of the advantage of the saving of toil thereby effected. It has gone almost entirely to the mill owner.

The next century should right this wrong. There was a time when it was thought that the era would come when the work of but a few hours each day would be enough to support the race of man. That era has now come, if the wants of men had remained simple and all had remained content with small wealth. But when fortunes are numbered by the hundred millions, and even then men have not enough, and will not retire to give others a chance, the advantage of leisure and cultivation, and of plenty, which might be the lot of all, is wrested from the multitude to be poured out at the feet of the few. Thus it seems as if the race as a whole were not to advance, but this should be reserved for a

mere fraction. No arguments will ever convince men that cruel injustice is not involved in this robbery of mankind.

Now, Christian men, who love their fellows as Christ has commanded, must seek a remedy for the present evil condition. Economists will not do it, for they will prove that it is all in consequence of "law." Billionaires will not do it, for they love money and power. Some Christian men of wealth, as Christians, may begin the work, and Christians who might be moneyed men must continue it. For ultimately the solution is simple: Accept small profits, and pay large wages. But only love, under the inspiration of divine love, will, or can do it.

Where Is Authority in Religion?

BY S. M. FREELAND.

Who will tell us what we are to believe?

It is said that the strife for the place of authority in religion in these last days lies between the Bible and the human reason. There can be no such strife. Man's reason is the judge of authorities, not one of them. The Supreme Court does not make the laws which are to be obeyed in the land; it decides which are the authoritative laws. The function of the human reason is that of a supreme court.

We listen to the claims of Rome to the effect that her church and her pontiff have the religious authority which we are seeking. It is our reason which decides for or against the claim.

If we have a book which claims to tell us the history of a revelation from God, it is our reason which admits or rejects the claim. "And why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" (Luke xii: 57.) That was the appeal of the Master to the human reason. The truth on any subject, wherever found, is the authority on that subject; the reason decides what and where is the truth in all the field of knowledge.

"But is not that a rationalistic statement?" No, it is a reasonable proposition. Would you have an unreasonable religion, or a reasonless authority in your religion?

"What, then, is rationalism?"

It is putting reason out of place; and as truth out of place becomes untruth, reason out of place becomes unreason, that is, rationalism.

You tell two Brahmins in India: "In my country the water sometimes becomes hard and fixed as glass." One of them says, "Tell me about it; give me evidence for it." That is reasonable. The other says: "That cannot be, it contradicts my reason." That is rationalistic. It puts the reason in the place of cognition, whereas it belongs in the place of recognition and judgment.

You tell me that one day, at the call of Jesus the Christ, Lazarus, a dead man, came forth out of the tomb, a living man. It was a miracle, a wonder. My answer is: "Give me the evidence for the fact. I believe that God is. My reason approves of my cognition of this fact. It will judge of the evidence of your fact because my reason judges that my God may do unusual things." My neighbor, standing by, says to your statement: "I never saw such a thing. Science, I mean other men's seeing, knows of no such things. All the world's affairs go on regularly. A miracle is unreasonable." He is a rationalist, as was David Hume.

"But all men have reason: why do they not all make the same decisions upon the same facts?" Because the reason is not free. Man is free and makes his own beliefs—in great part. He decides what evidence he will put before the reason, in what order, and how long he will keep it there, and that is why men are responsible for their beliefs. Harriet Martineau was not the only one who ever took down her ear-trumpet when things were coming through it which she did not want to hear. "If any man willet to do His will, he shall know of the teaching" (John vii: 17), and the others will not know!

An American Negro Missionary in Africa.

BY JOSEPH E. ROY.

He is Rev. William H. Sheppard, located at Luebo on the Kassai, one of the southern affluents of the Congo, one thousand miles due east from its mouth. He had worked his way through the Hampton Institute, and then through the Southern Presbyterian Theological Institute for colored students, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. In 1890 the Foreign Board of that church sent him and Rev. Samuel N. Lapsley to found that mission. They were making good headway in their work when, in two years, the white associate fell by the African fever, a man of beautiful spirit and of deep consecration. His father, Hon. James W. Lapsley, of Anniston, Ala., published a fine memorial volume.

As Mr. Sheppard was meeting at Luebo some natives from the deeper interior who seemed to be of a superior quality, he said, "I must go out there and look them up." "You can't get in there," said the Congo officials, "the king will take your head off." So, too, said the traders. He calls for volunteers. Nine respond. Entering the country, he had been picking up the language and making a map. As he had gotten half way to the capital he was met by the king's son with a posse of men to bring in the intruders for execution. The missionary shows his map and

in the native dialect pleads for his associates. "I don't understand this," says the prince. "You say you were never here before and yet you have a map of our country and you speak our language. I'll go back and tell my father." King Lukunga concludes that such a man must be the spirit of the former king returned to his old country, and so he sends back the son to bring in the guest; and receiving the same he brings out his seven hundred wives to grace the occasion. After a time the missionary starts back to America to get a wife and other reinforcements, and passing through London he is made a member of the Royal Geographical Society for his valuable discovery.

During the year 1894 he is used by the Board in addressing prominent churches all over the South and is everywhere greeted by crowded congregations. Brought up to speak in the McCormick Seminary of this city, he is also secured for our Seminary. All concede him to be a man of masterful executive ability—and of wit and humor and eloquence, the full equal of Booker T. Washington. His great find was at our Talladega college, Ala.—that of a wife, in Miss Lucy Gantt, and that of two assistants in Misses Taylor and Marie Fearing, all of whom, with missionary enthusiasm in their college training, had added experience in teaching.

The latest information is that Mrs. Sheppard has just returned to the mission from a furlough spent in Virginia. The Rev. Mr. Morrison, one of the white missionaries who had been carefully nursed through his dangerous fever by Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard, had written his mother: "You must have Mrs. Sheppard at your house as your honored guest. The best you have is not too good for her, as I owe my life to her excellent care." The son's wishes were cheerfully carried out and Mrs. Sheppard was treated with the utmost kindness by white Presbyterians everywhere. In various churches and halls and also in the fashionable parlors of the Warm Springs Hotel large audiences greeted her as she gave an account of the work in Africa and used her beautiful voice to charm her hearers with familiar hymns in the African dialect. Down to date a Presbyterian church of 350 members has been gathered at Luebo and housed by a structure built by the natives of mud walls and of reed and palm leaf roof. Mr. Sheppard has also built a new church at Ibanj, seventy-five miles distant, a station on the border of the Bakabu Land, whose king is the powerful Lukunga. This is the Mr. Sheppard of whom the papers have lately been saying so much as to his courage and influence in going in between the savage Zappozaps and the people of that land.

Here is an example of what colored people from this country can do, have done, as missionaries in Africa. It has been a wonderful success. We congratulate this Board of the South upon their availing themselves of such workers. Inasmuch as Mr. Sheppard got his literary training at Hampton, an institute founded by the American Missionary Association, and secured his wife and two assistants from our Talladega College, which has also afforded some material assistance in the way of supplies and a part of one of the salaries, we feel like claiming a half-interest in his work and that of the lady helpers, and also the privilege of bestowing upon it not a little of prayer and sympathy. What if the South should come more and more to the utilization of the product of the American Missionary Association in her campaign of African evangelization! Some Board or Society will find this a fruitful field for recruiting. Such affiliations as Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard will carry with them over the South will surely tend to draw the respective constituencies into more and more of fellowship. When ladies of this same Board were in conference at Talladega, they broke through the curtains of reserve and made a call at our college, saying they wished to visit the place where our Marie Fearing had been educated. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to lay them on us both, the North and the South.

Our Young Men.

W. W. LOVEJOY.

What a boomerang speech the late secretary of the Oakland Y. M. C. A. gave us before his departure for Hartford to the new honors he doubtless well deserves. There is a terrible recoil in it. How can one successfully conduct a business whose avowed method is to belittle his stock-in-trade; whose book-keeping and catalogueing is taught by pessimism; who simplifies his problem by throwing out the intricate parts; who gets his universal by ignoring essential particulars?

"What is the moral and spiritual character of the young men of today?" he asks. And the answer: "Every thoughtful Christian knows it is true when I say that only five per cent of the young men (of our country) are Christians. We have 7,000,000 young men who never darken the doors of the church from one year's end to another. I find in my own work that the number of young men who profess to believe Ingersoll, spiritualism, materialism, is appalling."

The value of statistics depends very much on your co-efficient. Tabulations of complex matters, ethical and the like, require much more careful reading than the death-rates, for

example. It has almost come to be a proverb that you can prove anything by statistics. We were reminded of this in reading of England's great statesman, Edmund Burke, of a century ago, and of his political attitudes. Speaking of political constitutions, as against Godwin, he says, "When I hear of simplicity of contrivance arrived at and boasted of in any new political constitutions, I am at no loss to decide that the artificers are grossly ignorant of their trade, or totally negligent of their duty. The nature of man is intricate; the objects of society are of the greatest possible complexity." There is a spurious simplification. Burke speaks also of a false universal: "Nothing universal," he maintains, "can be rationally affirmed on any moral or any political subject. * * * The laws of morality" (and, we add, of like matters) "are not like ideal lines of mathematics. They are broad and deep as well as long. They admit of exceptions; they demand modifications."

One might go further and say that such statements are morally injurious. They are an affront to not a little of the young manhood in our country, as all wholesale moral estimates must be. They are the expression of a spirit which does not seek to recognize the possible good under various disguises present in most young men; which condemns them for the crudity of their thinking, instead of honoring them that they think at all on the problems of life and religion. The Y. M. C. A. in America approaches its fiftieth anniversary—Boston, 1851, New York, 1852. It is still hampered by its orthodox zeal for evangelical belief. Its aim is well, but there is neither truth, nor wisdom, nor Christianity in rating men by the opinion-standard. To impute certain values of our own to "Ingersollism," "materialism," and then transfer the whole complex to a class of men and judge them by the tag is unnatural, unmanly, and ought to prove disastrous to the effective working of any institution. There is no gospel in it,—which ever "seeks," and "searches," and "sees afar off," and "runs" to its object with a "love" that imputes not evil.

The Cradle Roll in Southern California.

The Cradle Roll Society of Southern California with its twin mothers, the Southern Branch, W. B. M. P., and the Woman's Home Missionary Union, has been wideawake during the past year, endeavoring to arouse the mothers to a deep sense of their responsibility in training the boys and girls to be interested in missions in all lands. The goal—a Band in every Congregational church in Southern California—has not been reached as yet, but we look forward with hope that when the

twentieth century dawns the little ones will all have their faces turned in the right direction.

Do you all know what a Cradle Roll Band is? It is not another organization which requires a gifted leader to plan and carry on meetings, but it does call for a loving mother-heart in each church, who, remembering Christ's command, "Feed my lambs," shall gather the children together once a year, or oftener, if desired, with their mothers and grandmothers, make them have a good time, furnish them with the "Mission Dayspring" monthly and interest them to help save other little children who do not know the Lord Jesus. Do you not see, dear mothers and grandmothers, how easily these twigs are bent so as to grow into strong, stalwart missionary workers and givers? A writer in "Life and Light" says: "It is just as easy to communicate zeal as it is the measles."

First, we will see what our societies formed in 1898 have been doing.

Santa Ana reports fifty members and \$8 sent to Armenia. Sixty were present at the Cradle Roll meeting, mothers and babies. The little ones who were old enough recited missionary poems and Scripture verses. This department is considered one of the most encouraging of all the church work.

Little struggling Moreno had an interesting time at its gathering, opening the mite boxes. The children who were old enough were allowed to crowd about and watch the counting of the money. The result was four dollars and seven cents, and twenty children and twenty-five grown people went home happy.

In Redlands the annual Cradle Roll party is looked forward to as one of the events of the year, when the babies and their mothers come to the beautiful church parlors for missionary inspiration. The membership has reached ninety and \$20 has been received for missions. Fifty copies of the "Mission Dayspring" make monthly visits to the homes represented.

Claremont reports eighteen in its Band; ten copies of the "Mission Dayspring" taken; and its treasury increased by \$2.10.

Pomona reports twenty-one members the past year. One little boy, Hubert Case, "passed to his heavenly home" March 23d. It was touching to receive from his mother seventeen cents, the dear little fellow had saved towards his subscription. Only \$2 is reported. In some cases they have not paid twenty-five cents and then, as the little forgetful boy said, "They forgot to remember to be prompt." But the superintendent feels sure it will come in time.

Now we turn to our new societies and the good word from Los Angeles First church. A delightful little program was well carried

out by the little ones, and at the close eight new members were enrolled and each child came forward and received a tiny silk bag and its use was explained. Fourteen dollars were deposited in the treasury.

The pastor's wife at Highland writes that a beginning has been made and ten mite-boxes given out, the contents of the mite-boxes yearly constituting the regular dues.

At San Jacinto twenty-two children with their mothers and grandmothers met at the parsonage. A short missionary program was given by the children, followed by the social hour and light refreshments. Fourteen copies of the Mission Dayspring are taken. The mite boxes are to be opened later.

The Riverside superintendent writes that of the twenty-seven babies invited to the party there were only five who were neither present nor put on the roll, and these were babies whose mothers are not at all interested in the church work. "As each baby's name was called it come or was led or carried to the cradle and deposited its twenty-five cents. It was a trifle disconcerting to have a little tot rush out from the circle and grab the cradle from under my very eyes." But the mothers were pleased and interested and our Cradle Roll starts on its career with twenty-two enrolled, of whom the oldest is barely four years of age and the most are from one to three years. Sixteen copies of the Dayspring are taken. The amount to be divided between the two societies is \$4.25.

Our ears have been attent for a word from San Diego and here it is: "In September, 1899, the first permanent work for the organization of "Little Light Bearers" and a "Cradle Roll" was begun, and a party held for the children who were ten years old and under. To this party the mothers were invited, and after games and a light lunch, which was enjoyed by about thirty-five children and perhaps a dozen mothers, we explained the plan for claiming even the smallest of our church babies as missionary workers. We found we could form quite a strong band of "Little Light Bearers" and have had some thirty or more children collecting their pennies in the mite boxes since the middle of October.

"As yet the Cradle Roll numbers only five and \$2.35 has been collected from that source."

Last but not least in enthusiasm comes the report from the Lake Avenue, Pasadena, Band. "We had our Cradle Roll reception this afternoon (April 4th) and a very delightful time. There were present nineteen children with their mothers. I wish the fathers had been there, too. Each child brought an offering of money, thirty-one cents in all. One of the mothers says when her little girls wants a birthday party she is going to have all the

Cradle Roll children at her house and the usual birthday party, with the object of selfish entertainment only, shall have a better object and a higher meaning. Instead of bringing presents for their little hostess, the invited guests are to bring a money offering for missions. Is not that a lovely idea?"

Your superintendent has sent out 230 enrollment cards during the year—twenty-four private letters, besides fifty-three copies of a circular letter, and one communication to The Pacific. Our Bands have more than doubled, now numbering eleven. Our membership has increased from 194, as given last year, to 326, a gain of 132. Our treasury reports \$59.34, over against \$45.85 last year, and the 152 copies of the Mission Dayspring going monthly into the homes must awaken more interest in the needy ones of heathen lands. We thankfully and joyfully close our report, hoping that every Congregational church in Southern California will celebrate the incoming century by forming a Cradle Roll Band. Do you not hear the patter of little feet as the children sing, "We march, we march, to victory"?—[Condensed from annual report read at Santa Barbara, April, 1900.]

Write for information and enrollment cards to Mrs. E. M. Pease, Supt. Cradle Roll Work for Southren Branch W. B. M. P. and W. H. M. U.

A Review of the Last Decade of the Century.

Recently the Interior reviewed the closing decade of the nineteenth century, showing the progress from 1890 to date. We quote in part, giving the most valuable portions of the article:

"The completion of the federal census this year reveals an increase of 13,225,464 in our population not counting (except Hawaii) the newly acquired lands, raising the total of our states and territories to 76,295,220, a growth of 21 per cent. In numbers we therefore exceed any of the great powers except Russia, and our present rate of increase, while not so great as that which has heretofore prevailed, is much larger than that of any European nation. The slight lowering of this proportion results in no small measure from the efforts made to discourage that immigration which once threatened to engulf us, those who have arrived upon our shores to make this their home averaging but 260,000 a year for the past decade, while between 1880 and 1890 it ran as high as 860,000 in a single year, or 560,000 as the average for the ten. Analyzing the increase between 1890 and 1900 we find that about 17 per cent has been from natural

growth and only 4 per cent from immigration; nor does the native white stock show, as is popularly believed, any inferior vitality compared with the black, since the increase of the former is to that of the latter as 5.2 to 4.8. The white race is not only superior in numbers but superior in virility and endurance. And judicious legislation, making our citizenship not a gift but a reward, may do much to still further assure the dominance of those classes that not only know how to make laws but how to obey them.

"The decade has been one of remarkable prosperity. Wages have increased between 3 and 4 per cent, while the cost of the leading articles of consumption has fallen upon an average 10 per cent; a result partly due to increased acreage of cereals but still more to improve methods of agriculture, and we find that over 5,780,000 of our population live upon farms and ranches to-day.

"In the cities our 350,000 factories of 1890 have become 760,000 in 1900, turning out eighty per cent more iron and steel, and our cotton mills fifty per cent more cloth than they finished ten years ago. It is not many years since our imports far exceeded all that we had to sell, but at present we export \$535,000,000 worth more than we buy abroad; and, what is still more remarkable, of the \$1,300,000 which we annually export, from 31 to 35 per cent is of manufactured goods, not raw products of the virgin soil. Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg and even London have been in our American streets this past decade as borrowers of American surplus funds, and even Asiatic nations are looking toward us for aid in their financial distress. Notwithstanding all the sums that have been loaned abroad the resources of our National Banks amount to \$4,003,500,000, while our savings banks, where for the most part our laboring classes deposit their earnings, show funds amounting to \$2,241,344,991, or \$600,000,000 more than they held ten years ago. The money in circulation in our country has increased in the same time from \$23 to \$25.89 per capita, while the per capita of the federal debt has fallen from \$14.22 to \$13.81. Our completed railways stood at 98,000 miles in 1880; at 167,000 in 1890, and at 187,000 at the close of 1900. In the last four years the dividends paid upon \$1,200,000,000 of stock have increased from \$14,000,000 to \$36,000,000. A commercial and financial growth this is, says Mr. Mulhall, the English statistician, which has never been equaled by any other nation in any age.

"If we turn to the yet more important items of education and religion, we have new reasons for abundant gratitude to Almighty God. The average daily attendance upon our

schools is to-day 50 per cent of the entire population of school age; and in the past decade the average attendance has risen more rapidly than the population. There are in all the schools of the country 16,805,948 pupils; of whom 15,179,424 are in attendance upon State institutions, while 1,626,524 are in schools established by religious denominations or private persons, the most of these pupils being in higher institutions of learning. There are in all our colleges 101,000 students, of whom 71,000 are in religious institutions, founded by the munificence of individuals or the benevolence of churches. While in the West one-half of the students in college may be found in State or secular colleges; in the East only one-fifth is so placed. Even in the preparatory schools there are 166,000 pupils in private and denominational academies, parents feeling that the higher studies can not be rightly taught without reference to those great moral principles founded upon revelation. In the last seven years, the figures not being available for the whole ten, over \$266,550,000 were given by American citizens to charity in sums of \$5,000 and upwards, most of these sums going to libraries, schools and colleges. In no decade since the organization of the republic has there been such generous outpouring in the interests of a higher and devouter training of the young in our land than in that just closing.

"The growth of the church has exceeded that of the population. The former was at the rate of 21 per cent, that of the latter is 34 per cent, that of the Protestant section over 36 per cent. The total number of communicants reported in 1890 by the census was 20,612,806, while the number reported in 1900 by the various church bodies is 26,971,933, taking the lowest given. If we accept the count of the Jews as given by their rabbis to be more correct than the federal enumeration the number would be still larger, but in the total we have accepted but about 150,000 Hebrews are included, and but small figures for the various off-shoots and schisms from the historic churches. The church showing the most rapid gains of all is that of the Disciples, whose enumeration is somewhat loosely made and probably open to revision. The Lutherans come next, having received large accessions by immigration. The growth of the Presbyterian Church North, whose tables are subjected to critical review every year and which have been relentlessly pruned of late, show an increase of twenty-two per cent, which is 1 per cent above that of the population and 2 per cent more than that of the Methodist Episcopal body. The decade has not been to our religious organizations a period of numerical decline but it has been

one of notable advances. And the total value of church property in the United States is now placed at \$707,000,000.

"If we turn to other organizations we find that the Young Men's Christian Association reports now 1,439 branches to 1,341 in service ten years ago, and the ownership of 359 Association buildings against 205 ten years ago. The aggregate membership of 255,472 today can not so readily be compared with that of the previous period, since different methods of report have been adopted, but the value of property held by the Association has increased from \$10,433,467 to \$20,378,480, whose net value above debts is given as \$17,058,610. There are upwards of half a million volumes in their libraries and 439,000 men in their night classes.

"In the matter of temperance the per capita consumption of distilled spirits, which was 1.42 gallons in 1890 is but 1.10 in 1900, the lowest point it ever reached. The consumption of malted liquors has risen slightly but the total of alcohol consumed on the whole decreased.

"Nor ought one to forget even in so brief a review the influence of great international Expositions, such as those held in America and France during this period, calculated as they are to further the interests of industry and religion and blossoming into a Peace Congress, whose direct fruit is the establishment of an International Court of Arbitration, whose members are soon to assemble at their first session. The decade has been marked by great World Congresses of Religions and by World's Councils of Denominations."

The Baptist Standard says: "When the sweet and gentle Jewell Luther lay dying, she sent this message to her father, who was far away and could not be at her side: 'Dear papa, you have always been a loving and indulgent father to me. Above everything you have lived a noble Christian life in the home where I was born and reared. You have honored God in family worship, and lived so as to lead me to the better life.' This dear father's heart was broken by the death of his eldest born, but the sweet words she thus sent to him will abide in his heart until with bowed head and tottering form he reaches his journey's end. To have thus lived in the presence of his children, and to have made such an impression as this on their childish hearts, is more than to have been the most distinguished king known to the world."

Patience is the ballast of the soul that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm.—Bishop Hopkins.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

From Mrs. Arthur H. Smith.

Peking, September 19th.

Beloved Friends: You will, I think, be glad of a little word before I have time for the longer account of this marvelous time. My husband and I have gone through the siege of Peking and come out with hearts full of praise and splendidly well, thank God! The Boxer troubles quieted in our own field so that we reassembled the girls' school in April. In May (the 8th) Misses Grace and Gertrude Wyckoff and Mr. Smith and I left for mission meeting at T'ung Chou, fifteen miles from Peking. We left Dr. Porter and his sister, Miss Mary Porter, alone at our station, except as they had guests, and we meant to hasten back early to relieve them. Man proposes! The Boxer pestilence spread over the country like a prairie fire. With unquiet hearts we went through our sessions; as our meeting closed the R. R. line to Tientsin was out and the R. R. junction burned, and with Boxers so thick we could no longer go by boat, so we Shantung people were cut off from home. Never mind, we would stay on and work quietly at T'ung Chou. The flames crept up closer. The Chinese Government soldiers, set to guard our beautiful new college buildings and four lovely new homes, said privately among themselves their wages were not enough to live on and while they were about it they guessed they'd do some looting for themselves! The Boxers grew bolder. One day we learned they had burned a little Chinese chapel of ours, fourteen miles away, and killed many of the Christians. We were no longer safe in T'ung Chou. God had kept us marvelously there. They stood in great awe of the college telescope up in a tower, which they took for a big gun. "If it goes off it will destroy half of T'ung Chou," they said. We sent up to Peking to ask our Minister for a guard of marines, to take us to the capital. He refused, for fear it might stir up the people dangerously to see foreign soldiers with us. He told us to take a Chinese guard! We knew better. We got up at two in the night, on June 8th, and started, a long train of carts, and made that fifteen miles journey, where we might have been wiped out a thousand times, in perfect safety! I suppose God kept our enemies from all prior knowledge of our flight. The Chinese soldiers guarding the premises were as good as their word, and, of that yard full of beautiful buildings, there isn't one whole brick left—not even the wall foundations and all the beautiful trees cut down! At Peking all the missionaries of Peking and we of T'ung Chou went to the

Methodist mission, the roomiest of all, but sadly crowded when seventy-three missionaries and 487 Chinese Christians had to be accommodated. The Legation gave us twenty marines and one officer, who were invaluable. The missionaries got a loan of a few rifles and armed themselves as well as possible and took their turn at night and day duty with the marines. We had to keep a tremendously zealous guard over the gate; there so many Chinese members of different churches, no one knew them all, and a Boxer might easily creep in among them. We labeled them "Christian," had it sewed firmly on to their clothes and had them wear a turban at night, so that the American marines, who could not understand Chinese, would not mistake and shout them for Boxers. There was a large, beautiful chapel, which would hold 1,500. If the Boxers tried to "rush" the gate, we women and children and the Chinese families and about 120 Chinese school girls were to fly to the chapel. We had some false alarms and went there, and mothers with little children slept there, lest the alarm come in the night. On the 20th of June, when we had, with untold labor, fortified the place, Chinese women and even the children carrying bricks, it suddenly became wholly untenable and we had to retreat, at an hour's notice, to the British Legation. That morning the German Minister started for the Chinese Foreign Office to see what could be done. He and his interpreter were deliberately shot on the street in their chairs by a mandarin or official of the sixth grade. Evidently, there was no safety or protection to be had from the government. The interpreter lived and somehow got to us, all wounded. At the British Legation there were 412 foreigners, 39 left in other legations to guard them. We American Board people, about 70, were sent to the beautiful little chapel to live, almost exactly in the center, surrounded by buildings and therefore, safest of all. About twenty were accommodated with sleeping room elsewhere, but the rest knew pretty well how the little sardine feels in his box. Many of us had lost mattresses and pillows and had no sheets or pillowcases, but we got some coarse blankets—horse blankets, I guess—and used the church cushions, and camped down on the floor and thanked God we were safe. The precipitate leave was unnecessary, but we obeyed orders, and then the gentlemen hurried back to the Methodist Mission to see if they could save our trunks, but plunderers had already emptied most. God marvelously supplied provisions from shops near by. We bought all they had in some places. Where the people had taken fright and abandoned the place and there was no one to pay, we took the things and settled no bills.

One generous soul, a rich lady, the granddaughter of John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Herbert Squiers, the wife of the First Secretary of Legation, gave us many loads of beautiful stores, which saved the lives of delicate ladies and pining little children through the dreadful siege. In shops close by, we found tens of thousands of pounds of white rice, vast quantities of grain (wheat), just in from the south only five days before, any amount of fodder for animals, of which we had many, as legation people are very fond of racing. There was also an immense amount of coal, so that we and our three thousand Chinese all had enough to eat all through those dreadful eight weeks and enough fuel to cook it, though the crisis came suddenly and almost no one came in any degree prepared. Wasn't that marvelous? The three thousand were refugee Christians, driven away from home by the Boxers; and servants and workmen, etc. A Methodist missionary, who had once studied engineering, by the aid of our hundreds of willing Christians, fortified the Legation, with immense labor. We expected the foreign troops any day to relieve us. Tientsin was only eighty miles distant. It seemed as though they certainly ought to reach us in a week. God was good. He gave those frail, delicate women and little children such courage! We imagined we saw flash-lights and heard cannon of the relieving force, but the weeks went by and none came. Bullets came thick and fast; they fell at our feet, made holes in hats, and were found close to our beds. Shells knocked off the ornamental dogs on the roof. How the poor babies drooped without their accustomed food. One was born in the Legation. Two missionary babies, and, I think, three other little ones died. We always had plenty to eat, but not accustomed food. They killed the horses and mules and we ate them after the sheep were gone. Not as bad as you might think!

We had only very brown bread, but plenty of grain, and the ingenious women made us "curried horse" (Miss Harris' joke) and much variety out of limited materials. We gathered daily and praised the Lord, and besought him at the morning prayers, though it was sometimes hard to hear for the firing. People grew weary and worn and spent, though still brave. Again and again the enemy fired our premises, but the Chinese made a perfect fire company, so docile and silent and self-controlled. The enemy fired about 2,900 shot and shell into our compounds in those weeks; not counting soldiers at the loopholes, less than a dozen inside the Legation were wounded! We had a wall about fifteen feet high about us and our enemies fired wildly and wasted their shot, always firing too high. At last they pretend-

ed to wish an armistice and peace and were ominously silent for three weeks, while they secretly worked at a mine intended to blow us up. God saw. He heard our prayers. Their mine was not quite done when the troops came marching in, August 14th, and saved us, and we could hardly find voice to cheer, we were so paralyzed with joy. My husband and I came through splendidly well. It was marvelous, the strength poured in. I felt equal to such an amount of hard work as I never did in hot weather. I was never afraid nor worried. I sailed on an ocean of peace. My Father was at the helm. Praise God for us and with us, and ask for many, not strong like ourselves, restoring mercies.

When the siege was over we must go somewhere. Got at once provided for his own. A good share of Peking had been burned by the Boxers and the government troops, but there was a goodly part left untouched. Manchu princes had run away in terror when they heard the foreign troops were coming, and near. Into the palace of one of these we Congregationalists all moved with our 250 Christians. It is a vast place, with wonderful buildings and wealth of elegant silks and satins, magnificent furs and chinaware and many carts and animals. One building makes a beautiful chapel. In one of the plainest of the houses my husband and I are keeping house. He is working on his book on the siege of Peking. When the Boxers came to Pang Chuang—after the Consul had warned all foreigners to go and the Porters had left, the Chinese pastor made terms with the head Boxer and gave him a horse and some money and our houses were spared. They said they would not spare the village, but the village went out to meet them with a fine feast and they let it go unharmed. There are hardly any missionary homes standing except in the places occupied by soldiers from the Great Wall to the Yellow river, except those in humble little P. C.! Under the tremendous pressure of the Governor, who insisted in wily fashion that they "must recant just temporarily to save their lives," we are afraid many have, but do not know. The country is very disturbed still and full of defeated Boxers and soldiers, and it may not be safe to return this winter to Pang Chuang. God will guide.

Our Christians here are beset by a whole new wilderness of perils. Do pray for them. We dressed them and fed them and warmed them from the generous stores we found in this palace, until we could get them work. * * * When we went to the Legation, a prince who occupied a palace right across the road ran away and all our Christians were placed there (God's wonderful promise for his Chinese children), where we could guard

them and they could help us. They were hustled off so hastily from the Methodist mission that they were worse off than we even and there was scarcely a book saved in a girls' Methodist boarding school of one hundred girls; they had one New Testament and, I think, one hymn book. Faith and love were not left behind and the prayer-meetings through those weeks were so pathetic, with the broken remains of families telling where and how they lost the rest. Oh, pray for the martyr church of China and for the sore-hearted, ashamed, sorry ones who were weak and recanted. I believe out of this is to come the revival we wrestled for so long. Profound, tender, grateful thanks for your prayers that carried us through. There are a thousand things untold, but you do not want to wait for them, so this shall go and carry so much love to all. * * *

"He chooseth our inheritance for us."

Ever and ever yours.

Emma. D. Smith.

Manorama, the daughter of the famous Pundita Ramabai, was graduated last June at the Chesbrough Seminary of North Chili, N. Y. This child of India had expected to go to college after leaving the seminary. She had taken prizes and shown herself possessed of marked ability. But she felt it to be her duty to go to India and join her mother in the splendid and self-sacrificing work she is doing. Ramabai has in her charge more than 1,600 girls. By her skillful economy she is able to conduct the Sharada Sadan within \$6,000 a year, thus keeping it free from debt. By her personal and indefatigable energy she has saved, fed, clothed, taught and sheltered nearly 2,000 women and girls, teaching them how to care for themselves and for others, and preparing them to become "object lessons to India in what Christianity, education and honest work can do for its women, especially its despised widows." This remarkably interesting woman is, too, the subject of a volume, just published by the Revells, written by Helen S. Dyer. This book contains the wonderful story of Ramabai's life. It is pathetic that the need for help in India should be so pressing that Ramabai's promising daughter should be compelled to return home thus prematurely.

A Denver letter in the Interior tells of great success in the new pastorate of the Rev. Dr. R. F. Coyle in the Central Presbyterian church of that city. "All are delighted with his clear-cut gospel sermons. The church is crowded every Sabbath morning, and evenings the congregations are three times as large as ever before since they moved into their new building."

The Sunday-School.

By Rev. F. B. Perkins.

The Anointing—The Tribute of Love to Love. (Matt. xxi: 6-16.)

Lesson I, January 6, 1901.

NEARING THE END.

For three years our Lord had pursued His ministry of healing in all the solitude of a soul living above the range of ordinary human sympathy. An enigma even to his intimates; by the many he was persistently misunderstood and maligned. Now the end was in sight. Six days only separated him from the predestined goal, when, on the morning of April 1st, A. D. 30, he left the home of Zaccheus and began his final journey to Jerusalem. He foresaw with perfect distinctness what awaited him there. Yet there was no abatement of his zeal; he burned the rather with an ardor more intense, pressing forward to meet his Father's will, "straitened" in spirit (shut in to the prescribed course and urged resistlessly onward upon that, cf. II Cor. v:14), until his baptism of blood was accomplished.

It was a toilsome, weary journey which our Lord began the moment he passed beyond the irrigated gardens of the "City of Palms." Before him stretched a waterless desert, baked by the burning rays of a tropical sun; and along that dusty, blistering plain, up the ridge of narrow, crooked gorges, whose rocky walls reflected back the suffocating heat, he toiled 3,000 feet in sheer ascent, and fifteen weary miles in length; speaking little, we may imagine; agonizing in thirst and weariness, but far more under the burden of a world's redemption; yet pressing ever forward, until, late in the day, Bethany was reached, and rest was found in the home of his friends.

Why did not reason totter, and bodily powers collapse, under the terrific strain of his unshared burdens? Precisely because he possessed that, the lack of which drives so many people now-a-days to insanity or death. It was his clear-eyed vision of the Father's will, and his self-forgetting devotion to the mission entrusted to him, which saved him. Men do not go mad nor die when working in such a spirit with God. They have meat to eat of which selfishness takes no account, nor knows how God's angels are at hand to strengthen.

THE FAREWELL DINNER.

The close of the day which followed—the Jewish Sabbath—was marked by a feast "in the house of Simon the leper;" a man of whom we only know that it was his blessed privilege to entertain his Lord on his last social appearance.

But how little the company gathered about those tables realized the sublime self-sacrifice

involved in the presence of their guest on that occasion! What self-forgetting heroism it was which drew him out of his retirement where, in fellowship with the Father, his soul was preparing for his fiery ordeal! But it was just like him to put away his personal preferences, that others might be gratified. So he was there, and Lazarus by his side. And Martha also, to see that nothing pertaining to the comfort of the guests was lacking.

In the midst of all, Mary glided silently to the Master's side and poured over his head her cruse of precious oils. It was not here, as when two years before, a penitent woman of Galilee interrupted the meal in the house of another Simon, by a similar demonstration. There was no impropriety in Mary's presence then. The most self-righteous Pharisee could not have been horrified at her touch. Nor, in fact, was any criticism upon her conduct offered, except on the ground of wastefulness.

FAULT-FINDING AND VINDICATION.

It was Judas who started the complaint. It was his strong personality which carried the other disciples over into sharing his professed indignation. And his complaint was not without some show of reason. Fifty dollars—which was the estimated value of the alabaster cruse—was a large amount of money to spend in the gratification of what might seem mere sentiment. Differently invested, it might have carried relief to many an impoverished household. And that is quite the way in which we now-a-days often hear the outlay of money for public celebrations deprecated; the policy of missions to the heathen is assailed; or any undertaking which involves hardship and loss of life—wars for any cause, exploring expeditions and the like—condemned. So far as Judas was concerned, however, we are made to see the selfish motive which dictated his opposition; and as to the others, their reasonings are not difficult to imagine. Mary's outburst of love could not be other than unintelligible to most of that company because they and she were living in such entirely different spheres. With her, love to Jesus was an overmastering passion; and any expenditure which served to express that love was abundantly justified. There was no room in the workings of her mind for any considerations of economy; while even the best of the disciples could interrupt the Master's tenderest disclosures, by unseemly strife for the expected honors of the kingdom. Mary's intuitions were truer than their reasonings.

There are cases, it is true, where practical use holds the balance between legitimate and illegitimate expense. But just as surely there are conditions where the decision must rest upon other grounds. You mark it in the re-

ply of an English officer when asked as to the "Order of the Garter." "What's the use of it?" was the query. "Just this," was the reply; "it has no use"; i. e., nothing to be expressed in terms of business. And that is precisely the principle on which we act in sending flowers to the house of mourning, or enrich a missionary box with books, or pictures, or toys for the children, something which does not have the dollar mark upon it, but lifts the act up on to the broader, higher plane of love and fellowship; something which shows that in our view, "the life is more than meat and the body than raiment."

The very best and most economical use of a life, indeed, often is its sacrifice. The death of Christ certainly shows how this may be. "Tis by thy death we live, O Lord"; and many a hero on the battlefield or the scaffold has illustrated the same truth. So we may judge concerning those who have laid down their lives in the service of humanity in China. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church." Their missionary lives were no mistake. Their death frames no argument for withdrawal of laborers from that territory, still less for the abandonment of the missionary enterprise. What though we cannot see how the returns are to come in? Simply as a testimony to the loveliness of Christ, merely as a token of loyalty to him, their sacrifice is worth all it will cost.

The difficulty which many find in realizing this, moreover, is precisely akin to that which gave to the anointing by Mary the look of unwarranted extravagance. Only love can fairly interpret love. From their point of view, the harsh judgments of the disciples were quite a matter of course. And so was the different attitude of Jesus.

He was no spendthrift. The Benefactor who gathered up the fragments after the 5,000 had been fed, and who so often avoided the snares set for him by his foes, "because his hour was not yet come," surely did not lie open to this charge. But he knew just as well how to pour himself out lavishly. At the proper time he would shrink from daring the uttermost malice of his foes, walking boldly and with clearest foresight into the very jaws which yawned for him. "The grain of wheat should not be wasted, but just as little it should not abide alone."

Mary's abandon of love, therefore, was entirely intelligible to him. Not only so; it struck a responsive chord in his own breast. Hers was a spirit the counterpart of his, and in her anointing he read the story of his own sacrificial life. And when he marked the angry glances, and caught the muttered reproaches of the disciples, and the pain they inflicted upon their victim, he was stirred to

indignant rebuke. It was not often that he urged a claim for himself. But it was the time for it now. "Let her alone," he demanded. It is you who are at fault, missing the truth which she has grasped. If it is for the poor you are caring you need not be concerned; they are always with you; any day you can minister to them. But my hours are numbered. There will be but few opportunities hereafter to express by kindly acts your devotion to me. Mary understands this, and her anointing is such as loving hands are wont to render to the beloved dead.

May we not hear him, as if standing by the graves of our martyred missionaries, repeating these words to us? May we not learn, as we have not done, that the service of Christ to which we are called demands just such passionate love as was displayed in Bethany; that there are many acts on which enthusiastic love fastens as by instinct, which a weaker love would never think of, or if suspecting, dare to attempt? No, the work of Christ can be fully done only by those whose grateful love spurs the bounds of a prudential religion, whose best is not too good to be expended for him—these are the ones to discover the necessities of Christian service and to meet them.

LOVE' REWARDS.

It has been even according to his promise. Mary's memorial has been set up wherever the gospel has gone. Her name has been linked in sacred fellowship with that of the world's Redeemer; and her act of devotion has been the spur to myriads of humble souls. Because of her they, too, have gladly poured out their treasures of life with unstinted freeness. Cheered by this word they, too, have been sure that he does not disdain their offering, nor will ever fail to return it a hundred fold in blessings to the world, and more abundant life to the giver.

THE RECOIL OF SELFISHNESS.

Wax softens, but clay hardens, under heat. Is it by way of heightened contrast, as a dark and forbidding background to this picture of love's appreciation of love's abandon, that the story ends with the repulsive form of Judas slinking away in the darkness to avenge his fancied wrong by an act of foulest treason? Is his scowling face a foil to set off more distinctly the "majestic sweetness" which "sits enthroned upon the Savior's brow"? Alas, it is one of the uses which, in God's providence, the loveless and the wicked are made to subserve.

As an individual who lacks the element of religion is sadly imperfect, so is that family from which is lacking the central, binding, unifying influence of the gospel of Christ.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

A Forward Look. (Phil. iii: 12-14)

Topic for January 6th.

We have just come out of the holidays. Business has been making a great noise everywhere. Many weeks ago the merchants began to stir. The show windows changed their appearance. Boxes and packages and wagon loads poured into these stores and were displayed for inspection. These enterprising people were "stocking up" for future demands. They were taking a forward look. They did not wait until the crowd came before they filled their shelves. While they held fast the present, they made sure of the future. So we have our lesson just before our eyes. Jesus said once, "The sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light." That means, I take it, that in our distinctive work in bringing this world back to God, we would make far more rapid progress if we would take as much pains as business men do to push forward their schemes.

* * *

But look out for this twentieth century eloquence. It requires a large amount of patience to endure the small boy with his horn blaring through the streets at midnight, ushering in the New Year. But who can bear all the magniloquent utterances about the incomparable century which has closed and the unequalled century which has opened? This is a greater temptation than many of us can meet. This century-crossing comes only once in a lifetime and to very many lives it never comes. Now, in our Endeavor meetings, let us be as reasonable as we can. Instead of going off into the astounding things which are to come to pass in this new century, or drawing upon our imagination in portraying the vast achievements of the church, the Endeavorers or Christian civilization in the next hundred years, after the style of Bellamy, let us start in our forward look with some degree of modesty. It is a bad habit not to take a forward look at all, but it is quite as harmful to look so far forward that the duties and opportunities nearer at hand escape our sight.

* * *

For one thing, if we are to be led by our Scripture reference to Paul's habit of mind, let us go into this new century with his conviction that the thing for him to think and keep thinking was that he had not secured all that Christ intended him to have of Christian experience or Christian power. "Not that I have already obtained," he writes. In the past century the world has suffered from too many "already-obtained" people. They got something of Christian experience and went around

living on that. They did something for the cause and thought that was pretty well for them, especially in view of what some others did not do. They gave some money and some time and some labor, and thought that they had already obtained about as much as could be expected. Let us take the strength of God and forbid that idea crossing this century line with us. Make every day the beginning of something new from God and something new for him. Let no day end anything from him or for him.

* * *

I have been into the offices of some of those old business houses in Boston. About the dustiest things I ever saw there were the old ledgers. Packed away on high shelves were those records of the business the firm had been doing for two hundred years. It is a very rare thing for those merchants to take down a ledger and look over its pages to see where they had made a thousand dollars or lost ten thousand. No; as each new year comes they open new ledgers. They transfer whatever in those accounts is of value for the future, to the new pages, and go on filling up the fresh record. That is just what Christians should do. Let us be busy with fresh records. Pack away the old ledgers for God's oversight. Paul writes here, "I stretch forward to the things which are before." That is the way to get the things that are before. It requires stretching. Do not be afraid of stretching.

* * *

Then, let us be sure that the prize we stretch after belongs to the "high calling of God in Christ Jesus." In our forward look make certain that we do not stretch forward for too small prizes, and prizes which do not belong to God's calling at all. Too often the rewards we reach after are those that men pass around to each other. But the prizes of God's calling are far more valuable but not so obtrusive. They are gentleness of spirit, patience with men, moderation in our worldly ambitions, love for the burdened people around us and desire to become great by serving those souls with whom God has put us into contact. Is not that exactly what Jesus did? Was not that his forward look? And when we watch Paul as he was stretching forward, we discover that that was precisely his forward look, too.

How many of us need a new century—not so much new on the calendar or new in its discoveries and inventions, as new in its spirit, its purpose and its ideals! Our forward look may well be a look forward to a regular, moment-by-moment attention to the culture and service of common life.

It is impossible for a community or nation made up of bad homes to be good.

The Home.

Thy Prayer

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee.
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent.
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated.
Until all things sweet and good
Seem *my* nature's habitude.

—J. G. Whittier.

Low Tones.

The wear and tear of the nervous system occasioned by harsh noises has never been computed. Hitherto it has been taken for granted that no one could help the noises which are so constant wherever there are people, and that there was no appreciable harm in them. But whenever harsh sounds have been softened the degree of comfort resulting has been very pronounced, so that the question is being seriously debated whether most of the offensive noises cannot be dispensed with. Many hold that a greatly improved public health would be the effect of such a reform.

Certain it is that noise in the home can be lessened to the advantage of every member of the family. Contrast two homes in this respect. Let one be that of a family in which the tone of the voice has never been considered as subject to control. The children are always allowed to make all the noise they feel moved to make on the ground that it is good for them. The table-tones are high-pitched because so many talk at once. The members of the family call each other from different parts of the house. The mother raises her voice in shrill, harsh tones in order to be heard above the baby's wails. The boys clatter down stairs and shout even though in a small room. The older daughters laugh loudly and sing boisterously. And yet all mean well and count themselves a peculiarly happy family.

Some day one of these children will visit in another home where the matter of noise has received attention, and he will ask himself why it is that the atmosphere of this home seems on the whole so much more delightful than that of his own. Perhaps he will find out for himself that here low tones are the rule and that there are no unnecessary noises. The boys have learned to shout out-of-doors, where they do not disturb any one. The girls have found that loud laughter and boisterous singing do not express their true happiness as well as sweeter and softer tones. The mother nev-

er tries to drown her baby's crying by raising her voice, but has discovered the power of quiet ways. No one clatters down or up stairs. Every one has learned that gentleness of voice and still movements are marvelous aids to mutual enjoyment and sympathy.

Although it is not given to children to be the censors of their parents' manners, yet an occasional frank and unconscious remark from a child may impart a vast deal of wisdom. A little boy of kindergarten training heard his father thoughtlessly slamming a door. Instantly he looked up with earnest face and said: "Papa, in the kindergarten we never slam doors." What a pity it is that any child should have to go without a training which would help him into so important a habit of life as a quiet manner. Who can tell how many other qualities of character would find easier growth if this quality preceded them. It is with tones much as it is with colors. There is a harmony which, when found, reveals unexpected beauty.

The artist has learned that beautiful effects can be produced only when colors have been rightly blended and modified. Glaring colors, indiscriminately mingled, are offensive. There are tone effects which charm the ear and win a hearing. But they are not the result of a careless mixture of harsh noises. Many a wise thought has failed to find a lodgment in the minds of those to whom it was spoken because of the strident or nasal tone which conveyed it. And, on the contrary, many a commonplace has been made to appear beautiful and dignified because it was uttered by a modulated and harmonious voice. As with thoughts so with the spirit striving for utterance. No one has a right to deny his soul life the advantage of adequate expression. But if the voice is weak or wearisome it will be hard to make those who hear believe that it can convey the more abundant life.—Rev. Edward Chandler Herrick.

The truest nobility is sometimes found in the most commonplace lives. Some one refers to a table used by Plato, illustrating this fact. He said spirits of the other world came back to this world to find a body and a sphere of work. One spirit came and took the body of a king, and did his work. Another spirit came and took the body of a poet, and did his work. After a while Ulysses came, and he said, "Why, all the fine bodies are taken, and all the grand work is taken. There is nothing left for me." And some one replied, "Ah! the best one has been left for you." Ulysses said, "What's that?" And the reply was, "The body of a common man, doing a common work, and for a common reward."—T. De Witt Talmage.

Our Boys and Girls.

A Cadet and His Uniform.

A number of years ago a superintendent of a Sunday-school in Dublin, Ireland, offered to any boy of that city who did not belong to a Sunday-school a new suit of clothes if he would join his school.

He did not desire to draw from any other school, but to any boy who did not belong to any other Sunday-school the offer held good.

A number of his teachers went out in the byways and hedges, or in other words, in the dirty, unkept streets and close, unwholesome alleys, in search of the wandering ones.

One teacher brought in three to reinforce her class—three rough, unkempt, untaught boys.

One of these three, a lad named Roberts, who kept no law but his own will, was particularly troublesome; he not only would not pay any attention to the lesson himself, but he took care that no other boy in the vicinity did so. He seemed to be literally full of pins. This went on for three or four Sundays, when Robert dropped out of Sunday-school. His teacher sought to bring him back in vain, and then took his case to the superintendent.

The superintendent replied, "Give him another suit of clothes."

The teacher sought again the boy with the offer of a suit of clothes, and Robert came back, and brought the pins with him, and behaved, if possible, worse than ever before. His teacher was almost in despair when a second time he left the school. After repeated visits and appeals to the boy the teacher again reported her failure to the superintendent.

"Give him another suit of clothes," responded the superintendent.

"But," protested the teacher, "we have already given him two suits of clothes."

"We'll give him one more suit, but make him understand that this is the very last one he is going to get."

After Sunday-school the teacher sought and found the boy in the gutter of the obscure alley where he lived, playing marbles with some boon companions.

"Robert," said the teacher, "you were absent from Sunday-school again today."

"Naw, I ain't going there any more."

"But Robert, you promised," protested his teacher.

"Well, I ain't going to; ain't no fun there."

"Robert," continued his teacher, "if you will come back to Sunday-school, we will give you another suit of clothes."

The boy looked up incredulously.

"D'ye mean that?"

"Yes, Robert, I mean it, but this is the very last suit of clothes we are going to give you, and I can only promise you this suit if you

will pledge me your word of honor to come faithfully to Sunday-school every Sunday, unless you have a good excuse for staying home."

The boy pondered the matter for a few moments and said, "I'll come."

"Now, Robert," said the teacher, "I am going to trust you. I am going to leave it to your honor to come every Sunday that you are able. And, Robert," continued she, "I am going to ask you to be my helper. You know that I have a very mischievous class of boys. Sometimes they behave so badly that I can scarcely teach the lesson at all and I am going to ask you to come every Sunday and keep order while I teach."

The boy studied her face for a moment with the keen shrewdness born of a street education, and finding what he saw there satisfactory, replied, "I'll do it," and he did. There was no more trouble about order; he was the bully of the neighborhood. If any boy near him dared to misbehave or in any way create a disturbance, he shook his grimy fists at him and said, "I'll give it to you after Sunday-school," and the boys didn't dare to be disorderly.

The same energy and fertility that he had used to create mischief was utilized to maintain good order, and it succeeded.

The boy was Robert Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, gave twenty-five years of his life to foreign work, and baptized the first Chinese convert to Protestant Christianity. — Brotherhood Star.

We ought to recognize the fact that all work is honorable, that a man is a high priest of God in whatever sphere he labors. No one is condemned to drudgery, and in its largest sense there is no such thing as drudgery. Who does this work grandly, and does it with his soul as well as his hands, is making the world better by living in it. It is nobler to lay bricks according to the plumb-line than to rule a kingdom badly. The distinction between one man and another is not to be found in social position or the environment of wealth and power, but in the qualities of the heart. The humblest creature that ever lived, whose horizon is bounded by poverty and obscurity, has a wider prospect for the future if the soul is consecrated, than crowned selfishness, though all mankind may look upon it with envy. The artisan, the merchant, the one with slender means, the other with means beyond the reach of arithmetic, are equally servants of the Most High, and there is more eloquence in their daily deeds than ever poured from the lips of the orator. To feel that the work that you are now doing is God's work, and must be done with fervor and fidelity, is to stand facing the throne of the Eternal.

Church News.

Northern California.

Oakland Pilgrim.—Sunday evening a beautiful and unique Christmas praise service was held. It consisted of remarks on and readings in the life of Christ, by the pastor, each portion being followed by an appropriate song by the choir, or a hymn in which the congregation joined.

Ferndale.—After carrying a debt on the parsonage for thirteen years, the church at Ferndale rejoices that payment has been made and it is freed from the burden. It has been a great struggle, and more than once the decision was reached to give up and let the property go; and but for the kindness and generosity of Mrs. Z. Russ, it would have been impossible to have held it. On September 1st the amount owing was \$375, and the church determined to prayerfully labor to raise the money before the first of the coming year, and the ambition is realized—mostly through the efforts of the Ladies' Aid Society and the Young Ladies' Circle. The church feels like expressing appreciative thanks to all who aided in lifting the debt; not only those contributing in this last effort, but those as well—pastors and friends—who in times past have given of energy and money. Impetus is given the church work in all its branches, and the outlook is brightening. Rejoice with us, brethren, as we thank God and take courage.

Notes and Personals.

Dr. Moorar preached at Palo Alto Sunday.

Rev. W. W. Scudder of Alameda has declined the call to the Home Missionary superintendency in Washington. This announcement will come as good news to Mr. Scudder's many friends in California. The declination was quite a disappointment to our Washington brethren who had set their hearts on him for that work.

The Claremont correspondent of the Pomona Times of December the 19th announced the departure of Dr. and Mrs. C. G. Baldwin from Claremont that week, writing further as follows: "They will be greatly missed in our community. Last Friday evening Mr. Baldwin's Bible class gave him a little surprise party at the home of Professor Colcord; later, the old faculty who had put forth their best efforts with him in establishing and building the college, called at his home and presented a gold piece with instructions to invest it in books or some work of art. Monday evening the church gave a farewell reception at the home of the pastor. A large number of friends

were present to extend their good wishes and say good-bye. After the glee club had rendered some selections and Miss Mills had sung some of her charming songs, Rev. H. W. Jones briefly reviewed the life and work of Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, as it had entered into the interests of the church, the community, the college and the social life of the village. His tribute expressed the feeling of those present. In a few well chosen words Dr. Baldwin responded and expressed his and Mrs. Baldwin's gratitude for all that had been done. He expressed great hopes for the future of the college, and said that Claremont memories would always be cherished. Mrs. Baldwin's Sunday-school class, composed of the young ladies of the college, presented her with a beautiful copy of Hoffman's picture, "Christ and the rich young man," and Dr. Baldwin's class gave him a copy of "Isaiah," by Sargent.

Of Interest to Ministers.

We quote from a circular which has been sent out by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to all its agents: "It has been decided by the newly formed 'Trans-Continental Passenger Association' to issue for 1901 an Annual Interline Clergy Half-Fare Permit, good over the lines named in the body of the Permit west of Cheyenne, Wyo., Colorado Common Points, Trinidad, Colo., Albuquerque, N. M. and El Paso, Texas. To meet the extra expense because of the greater accommodation thus granted—the maintenance of the Clergy Bureau, etc.—a charge will be made of one dollar, which must accompany each application.

"Such applications will be made through station agents of the roads, and addressed to Mr. James Charlton, Chairman Trans-Continental Passenger Association, at Denver, Colo.

"Detail instructions and application blanks are being prepared and will soon be distributed.

"The Southern Pacific Company will not issue Annual or Time Half-Fare Clergy Permits."

Inasmuch as this circular was sent out at a late date, the Southern Pacific will honor until Feb. 15, 1901, all half-fare permits for the year 1900.

Under the auspices of the American National Red Cross, plans have been outlined for holding watch meetings on the night of December 31st in every city, town and village in the United States, to see the old century out and the new century in. The most striking feature proposed for these meetings is the presentation of greetings from the crowned

heads of Europe and such world-wide celebrities as Tolstoi, Joseph Chamberlain, Dreyfus, Zola, Kruger, Sir Edwin Arnold, Hall Caine, Anthony Hope, Lord Roberts and more than fifty others, making a total of about one hundred who have written special messages for the Red Cross, on the progress of the nineteenth century and the promise of the twentieth century. It is proposed at every such watch meeting through out the land to open simultaneously a sealed packet containing these greetings from the Old World to the New on the occasion of the closing of the greatest century in history and the opening of another even more promising. An effort will be made, also, at that time, to raise a permanent fund, in the name of humanity, for the maintenance of Red Cross work.

Washington Letter.

BY I. LEARNED.

Plymouth church's Missionary Society closed its year of monthly meetings with its plan for an all-day missionary meeting and, excepting that storms prevented the forenoon session, it was a most interesting, inspiring and instructive gathering. Not that so many were present, but because they who did come for the most part remained as interested participants. There was not so much time for discussion as was wished, because of the shortened hours for the entire program. On City Perils, Conditions and Needs, addresses were given by Mrs. W. D. Wood and Rev. J. C. Young. On the larger work of Missions in the State and Nation the addresses were given by Rev. Samuel Greene and Rev. T. C. Wiswell. On the World's Missions, Rev. Clarence Thwing, Mrs. T. C. Wiswell and Rev. A. N. Raven made addresses; while the evening was occupied by Rev. J. T. Nichols, Rev. Edw. L. Smith and Rev. S. M. Freeland, with themes like these: Earlier Missions and Their Progress, A Retrospect and The Outlook for the Coming Century.

Had not the weather and holiday conditions seemed to interfere, a much larger audience would have been present.

The following day, Friday evening, the 21st, was the occasion of the forty-fifth meeting of the Puget Sound Congregational Club. It was held in the parlors of the Edgewater church, Seattle, and after the unusually excellent collation given by the ladies of that church, and the routine business was transacted, Rev. S. M. Freeland made the report of the Outlook Committee, which was confined largely to the conditions as related to the churches and the Home Missionary Society, which did not seem favorable to the progress

of Congregationalism in the state of Washington.

The guest of the club was Rev. Edwin T. Ford, who delivered the address of the evening on the theme, "The Pilgrim and the Future," which later was followed by discussion, participated in by Dr. Powelson, Rev. E. L. Smith and W. C. Merritt, Hons. F. A. McDonald and Ira Bronson. Hon. A. W. Frater, the president of the club, was in the chair.

Rev. Samuel L. Woods of this city supplies the church at Port Angeles on the 23rd.

Rev. F. E. Whitham takes his leave of the Columbian City church at the close of the year, after which Rev. S. M. Freeland will supply for one or more Sabbaths.

An interesting series of meetings has been recently closed at Roy, Pierce county, conducted by the pastor, Rev. C. W. Wells, assisted by Evangelist A. T. McGregor. Seven or more have already united with the church on confession and others are expected.

The Superintendent and Missionaries of the C. S. S. & P. S. in Washington have issued a circular letter to all our Congregational Sunday-schools, recommending that they observe January 6th as "Decision Day."

Seattle, Dec. 22, 1900.

The Debt We Owe to Holland.

Concerning England's literature, her endless enterprise and inventive genius, her material prosperity and boundless empire, there is no dispute. The genuine American glories in them, while Continental Europe is consumed with jealousy because of them. But unless the records of the ancient Dutch who settled in New Jersey—which records can be found in the archives at Albany, and the records of The Hague, to which J. Lothrop Motley and Douglas Campbell had free access—are false, we owe representative government, freedom of speech and of the press, freedom of religious faith, to the Dutch, and not to the English. In the Netherlands the doctrine was first laid down by a legislative assembly that the people are the source of political power.

It was at Brussels in 1555, three years before the coronation of Elizabeth, that Charles V. abdicated in favor of the future tyrant, Philip II, when the bloody struggle for freedom of religious faith began—a struggle which lasted through eighty years. True, Wiclif and Latimer had been urging on reforms in England at an earlier day; so had John Huss and Martin Luther on the Continent, and the reforms brought about by the last two named had been effective. The real struggle, however, the struggle to which the English-speaking people owe their religious freedom, began

in Holland the moment Philip became king and issued his edict for the establishment there of the Inquisition. And that struggle had been going on under the leadership of the incomparable William of Orange for nearly a quarter of a century before Elizabeth was finally persuaded to send Leicester with an army to the aid of her heroic neighbors.

It was while the English army was in the Netherlands, and while thousands of English people, driven out of England by Elizabeth and her immediate successors, were living in the Netherlands, that the Dutch idea of freedom of religious faith, of the press, and of speech, was imbibed. The grandfathers and fathers of the heroes who fought at Naseby and at Marston Moor received their military training under William of Orange and his son Maurice. Thousands of them had served under the Dutch Republic. Then, too, thousands of Dutch, alienated by Philip's tyranny, had sought refuge in England under Elizabeth; it has been estimated that as many as a hundred thousand Dutch were at one part of this period living in England, exerting their influence in behalf of that freedom to which they had been accustomed before Philip's time.

Douglas Campbell, in his "The Puritans in Holland, England and America," shows that the Puritans who settled in Massachusetts had all their lives been accustomed to a Netherlands influence; that Thomas Hooker, who gave life to the Connecticut colony, came from Holland; that Roger Williams, founder of Rhode Island, was so much of a Dutch scholar that he read Dutch books to the poet Milton; that Pennsylvania was founded by a man who was half Dutch. Campbell also shows that wherever in this country Dutch influences were exerted, there were no executions of the death sentence for witchcraft. Neither New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, nor Pennsylvania ever had a Salem Hill.

What would be said of a historian who would write of England and ignore the ideas brought in by the Norman conquerors?

At the period to which I refer, Motley says: "The Netherlands were the most energetic and quick-witted people in the world." Taine, a French writer on English subjects, said that in 1609 Holland, on the sea and in the world, was what England was at the time of Napoleon; that for the first time in the world's history, conscience was free and the rights of citizens respected; that in culture and instruction, as well as in the arts, the organization of government, the Dutch were two centuries ahead of the rest of Europe.

Let it not be forgotten that when America was settled the Netherlands were a great power in Europe, and that their population was

about equal to that of England and their wealth far in excess of it. The city of Antwerp was at that period the richest city in the world. It was in this country that the Pilgrim Fathers first found a welcome and a home. It was in Amsterdam that the Baptists organized their Parent Church, and in 1611 put forth a declaration of faith in these words:

"The magistrate is not to meddle with religion or matters of conscience, nor compel men to this or that form of religion; because Christ is King and the Lawgiver of the Church and conscience."

It is believed that this is the first expression of the absolute principle of liberty of conscience in the public articles of any body of Christians. When this declaration was put forth, according to Macaulay, "in England, the jails were filled with men, who, though zealous in the Reformation, did not exactly agree with the Court in all points of discipline and doctrine. Some were persecuted for denying the tenet of reprobation; some for not wearing surplices."

While England was struggling with her press censorship, holding that "the greater the truth the greater the libel," the Dutch laid down and enforced the principle, that so long as private character was not assailed and public morals were not offended, opinions on politics, religion or philosophy, did not concern the Government.

What a magnificent standard for modern journalism, and how frequently is this standard insulted by the daily press! Of course, freedom of speech was included in the freedom of the press.

As to trial by jury in England, Douglas Campbell says that even that right was introduced by the Normans, whose tough mental fibre and indomitable spirit wrenched the Magna Charta from a Norman king.

In conclusion, I yield once more to the impulse to quote from "The Puritans in Holland, England and America," and add:

"Let the reader imagine that Japan, instead of sending a few score of students to the United States, had sent over many thousand families, and had kept five or six thousand soldiers in our army for some forty years; and that during the same period a hundred thousand Americans had settled in Japan itself. Imagine, further, that at the end of forty years a number of the Japanese settlers in America had started out to found a colony in some newly-discovered land, and that there had been added to their ranks a large number of Americans and some twenty thousand other Japanese, some of whom had lived in America, and most of the others going from sections in which Americans had been living many years. These colonists founded a mighty

state, whose people speak Japanese, but have almost no Japanese institutions, having established a republic and copied their institutions mainly from the United States. The writer who, after two centuries, should sit down to compose a history of this new Republic, and, omitting all reference to the United States, credit these settlers with the invention of their un-Japanese institutions, would be simply following the example of the English and most of the American authors who have written of America and her institutions."—G. M. Roe.

The Men of the Mayflower.

[From a lecture by Rev. J. H. Bainton, pastor of the Congregational church, Vancouver, B. C., given before the Literary Society of the Church.

I have chosen to speak tonight on "The Men of the Mayflower." It is hardly necessary for me to inform you that the Mayflower was a little vessel of 180 tons burden which sailed out of Plymouth harbor for the American Continent on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, 1620, and that the men of the Mayflower were the Pilgrim Fathers who laid the foundation stone of the mighty commonwealth across the line and impressed upon it the sign-manual of their thought and faith. When on that far-off Wednesday morning Capt. Jones took the tiller in hand and bade his sailors spread the canvas to the breeze, and when the loungers on the quay of Plymouth listlessly watched the vessel fade away from the fair English shores, they little thought that they were taking part in one of the greatest, if not the greatest, events in the seventeenth century. But such is the judgment today of the learned historian who looks calmly and dispassionately upon the events of those times in the impartial light of history. Dr. Gardiner, turning aside from the exciting political events in the reign of James I, to the story of the Separatists, says: "It would have indeed seemed strange to any of those who took part in those stirring events, if he had been told that there was not one of those points from which the Englishman of future times would not readily turn away in order to contemplate the fortunes of a little band of exiles who had lately made their way across the stormy waves of the Atlantic." Such words should go far to awaken an interest in my subject. As Dr. Gardiner looks, with the eye of fancy, upon the Mayflower sail, he knows he looks upon one of the most remarkable events in history: he knows that she carries within her the seeds of an empire. Looked at aright, the sailing of the Mayflower was an infinitely more important event than the sailing of the Armada. When the Armada set her sails, what a magnificent sight it must have been! How the

Spanish heart must have rejoiced! Here was greatness in very deed! Here was a fleet able to conquer, not England only, but the world. Yet it all came to nought. The Lord scattered the hosts of Spain. When the Mayflower sailed there were no signs to reveal the greatness of the event. To the eye of a contemporary it must have appeared pathetically insignificant. For the men of the Mayflower were drawn from humble positions in life, and the enterprise upon which they embarked, to the eye of common sense, could not have appeared more quixotic than it did. They sprang not from loins enthroned and rulers of the earth, but from sturdy English yeomen and peasants of the north. They exercised no influence in the weighty matters of court and state, but were content to fill a little place if God were glorified. They basked not in the sunshine of the great, but were harassed and persecuted by the men of light and learning; and lastly, they were driven forth from their native land by the cruel intolerance of a pedantic king and the bitter bigotry of a narrow church to seek the freedom denied at home—freedom to worship God. The event must have appeared very insignificant to the men of their own times. But history adjusts the relative importance of things. "The little one becomes a thousand, and the small one a strong nation," and today these men are commemorated in the British Parliament and the Capitol at Washington, and it is patent that the deed they wrought was the most faithful of any in that century.

Before I attempt to trace the history of the men of the Mayflower, it would be just as well for me to tell you something of what they believe. We best know a man by knowing what he believes, and hence, if we are to become acquainted with these heroes of a by-gone century, we must become thoroughly acquainted with those principles for which they sacrificed their quiet, happy English homes, and endured the rude buffetings of an inhospitable world. What were these principles? What did the men of the Mayflower stand for? Amongst them, for these chiefly: First, they stood for the crown rights of the Redeemer. Let me tell you a story to explain what I mean. The story is told of how Peter Mackenzie, the witty Methodist evangelist, was once standing outside an Independent church when a Romish priest came by. The priest stopped and enquired, "What building and superstructure is this?" "And please you, sir, it's an Independent church," replied Peter. "An Independent church! Independent of what?" sneered the priest. Peter didn't like the sneer and replied, "And please you, sir, independent of the pope and the devil." He might have added,

the queen or king as well. An Independent church is one independent of the pope, the queen, or king, and the devil. This story will help to make clear this first thing, that the men of the Mayflower believed. To them it was evident that the head of the Romish Church was the pope, and head of the English Church was the king, and they were certain that the only head of the Church was Christ Himself, and that consequently the pope and king were usurping the crown sights which did not belong to them, but to the Redeemer alone. In the days of the men of the Mayflower there was, of course, no question of the supremacy of the pope for years before Henry VIII. had abolished it; but there was the question of the supremacy of the King, for when Henry VIII dethroned the pope he enthroned himself; and acknowledge the supremacy of the king in matters spiritual the men of the Mayflower would not. They would acknowledge his political supremacy, and even declare themselves to be his most faithful subjects, but in matters spiritual they declared themselves independent of the king and answerable to Jesus Christ alone. Jesus Christ, they contended, was the true head of the Church and ruled it through his people, not through kings and queens and parliaments as such. Kings and queens are bad and good; parliaments are made up of all sorts and conditions of men; and the mind of Christ, therefore, is not likely to express itself through such institutions, nor his cause to be advanced. I am not going to stay to criticise this belief nor to commend it. Sufficient to say, that it is the belief of the great body of free churchmen the world over today.

For what else did the men of the Mayflower stand? For gathered congregations. The prevalent theory of the connection between church and state in those days you will find clearly stated in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. According to that theory every citizen was necessarily a churchman. Hooker said: "We hold that there is not any man of the Church of England but the same man is also a member of the Commonwealth, nor any man a member of the Commonwealth who is not also of the Church of England. * * * The Church and the Commonwealth, therefore, are in this case personally one society." Now, to this view the Pilgrim Fathers objected. In their view a citizen was not necessarily a churchman. If a man were born at all, he was a citizen was not necessarily a churchman. If a man were born at all, he was a citizen; but to be a churchman he ought to be born again, born of the spirit of truth and purity and love. But, in accordance with Hooker's theory, in those days, "Not merely the worldliest and the most

selfish and greedy people, but believers and those of scandalous lives, might legally, if in point they did not habitually, partake of the Lord's Supper, without protest, or distinction, side by side, with the very elect and anointed of God." Against this the men of the Mayflower made objection. To them it was obvious that a Christian Church should be composed of Christians and only Christians. It should be a gathered congregation, a congregation of the godly gathered out of the midst of the ungodly. "Such a church was scriptural and no other. The Apostolic churches were made up such as were becoming saints; and since they were possessed with this conviction they separated themselves from the Church of England to form a church after the true New Testament pattern, and determined to walk in what they believed to be God's ways, whatever it should cost them. Were they right in this principle? Surely, without a dissentient voice, the answer will be yes.

I will just speak of one more principle for which the Pilgrim Fathers stood. They stood for "Liberty of Conscience," absolute freedom in matters of religion. The civil power had nothing to do with the affairs of the soul. A man was not responsible to the magistrate for his belief, but to God alone. This does not sound very startling to us, but it was startling enough then. Religious intolerance was rife. All parties prosecuted, the Protestant and Puritan as well as the Romish. After the men of the Mayflower had succeeded in establishing their colony at New Plymouth, a strong tide of Puritan emigration set in for America, and the colony of Massachusetts was founded, but liberty of conscience was not recognized in that colony. Many acts of intolerance were perpetrated, and unfortunately in the jumble called history the sins of the Puritans have often been put to the score of the Pilgrims; but unjustly. Persecuted themselves, they never persecuted in turn.

These are some of the principles for which the men of the Mayflower stood. It was to plant these and kindred principles that the little vessel spread her sails on that far-off Wednesday morning, and with what success is evident to us today. Truly they builded better than they knew; truly their enterprise has been more faithful than the most sanguine can have conceived in his wildest dreams.

The Medicinal Value of Salt.

Salt is such a common article in the household that many of us do not sufficiently appreciate it as being of high medicinal value. Many and various are the remedial uses to which it may be put, and the free use of salt goes far to preserving health in the home.

As a dentifrice common salt may be relied on. By its judicious use the teeth are kept white, the gums hard, and the breath sweet. When the gums are spongy the mouth should be washed out twice a day with salt and water. Warm salt and water, held in the mouth, will sometimes banish toothache and at least make the affliction lighter, while it is both safe and easy to try. Again, equal parts of alum and salt, or even salt alone, placed on a piece of cotton wool and inserted in the hollow of an aching tooth, will often give relief when other means have failed. To allay neuralgic pains in the head and face take a small bag of flannel, fill with salt, heat thoroughly and apply to the affected part. A bag of salt placed hot to the feet or any portion of the body is better for giving and keeping warmth than is the conventional brick or hot water bottle. Salt placed on the gum when a tooth has been extracted will prevent profuse bleeding at such a time. An excellent gargle for the throat is simple salt and water. Many serious cases of throat affection might be cured by the use of this alone, if only taken in time, gargling every hour or half-hour, as the need warrants. A flannel cloth, wrung out of salt water, is also an excellent remedy for simple sore throat. Salt in tepid water is a handy emetic; as an antidote for the poison of silver nitrate or lunar caustic give salt and water freely. For poisoning by alcohol an emetic of warm salt and water should be given and repeated often.

Beautiful at Eighty.

When she was a girl she began at eighteen to pluck the gray hairs from her head, not liking to be old so soon. And it is really wonderful how heads will begin to whiten before youth has fairly turned to fly. So, though it troubled her but little for a time, the abundant dark hair soon began, as the years went on, to be sprinkled pretty thickly with this frost that fell far too soon. Indeed, by some strange freak it showed itself in broad bands here and there that long ago became far too many to destroy. But no one thought her old, for the dark bright eyes danced merrily beneath the whitening crown, and youth and middle age brought each other their joys to be shared by her, sure of her certain sympathy.

But when it befell that the little old mother came to live alone at eighty in the old house where her little children had been born, and from which they had been buried one by one, it was then that God's peace fell upon her. All alone to outward observance; yet the rooms at eventide and in the morning were peopled by the patter of little feet, and the sound of merry laughter, and the soft touch

of baby fingers, or the merry pranks of loving, happy children. So she went about with her heart in the long ago and a smile upon the lips, for living it over day by day it became a daily part of the old home.

Beautiful at eighty with the soft white hair, the gentle manner and the loving smile that won many and many a young heart to bring its burdens of care or its joy to this one who had known both. The flowers loved her, too, for where she wrought among them with her wrinkled old hands that had such tender touch, they grew more and more of a brighter hue and sweeter scent than elsewhere. If one were in need, they had only to apply at this home whose head was the beautiful old mistress, and whose gifts of love were bestowed in Christ's name. Not soured with sorrow, though neither chick nor child remained of the once goodly flock that had called her mother and the old roof home, until a fairer opened to their view. Not blessed with any great quantity of this world's gear, but rich—so rich in love and hope and faith.

At eighteen getting gray, afraid a little of the result to youth and beauty—at eighty, beautiful with the rich, rare beauty of a lovely old age that has kept its heart of youth to gladden other lives less joyous than its own. Never to be forgotten; though the grave close over the sweet old face, its memory will remain in the hearts and lives of those its gracious kindness has blessed.—Helen Kern.

The Roman Catholic church everywhere will mark by special services the closing of the nineteenth century and the opening of the twentieth. Among the missives to the priests we note the following from a Texas Bishop: "Please also, dear Fathers, remind the faithful, particularly at the ranches, of the wish of the Holy Father to make bonfires in sign of joy during the last night of the nineteenth century as testimony of adoration to Christ, the Redeemer, who coming down from heaven, illuminated our souls with the light of the gospel and opened our hearts to the sweet hope of celestial joys."

It was a clear day in early spring. The trees were perfectly naked, their branches like arms stretched out in prayer. To me they seemed to say, "Spring, clothe us with thy beauty! Summer, enrich us with thy abundance! Through the long winter we waited patiently for thee. Thy Kingdom come!" I, too, a leafless human tree, said with a full heart, "O fairer spring! O richer summer! Clothe me, make me beautiful. O Savior, Thy Kingdom come!"—Joseph Parker.

CURIOUS CUCKOOS.

The cuckoo is generally known only as a bird with a very monotonous note: continuous cry of "cuckoo, cuckoo" over and over again. Among naturalists, however, the cuckoo is known as a bird that never builds a nest for itself, but takes advantage of one already built by some more industrious bird.

There is a good deal of the cuckoo about these advertisers who, instead of making a success of their own, seek to profit by the success which some one else has made with much effort and labor. It is so with those imitations of Dr. Pierce's methods, by which free medical advice is offered, although those who make the offer are without qualified medical ability or experience. And the cry raised in some cases of "woman, woman, woman write to woman" makes the resemblance to the cuckoo even stronger.

There is as far as known no qualified woman physician connected with any proprietary medicine establishment, and none therefore competent to give medical advice. It is certain that there is no one, man or woman, who can offer free medical advice backed by such knowledge and experience as is possessed by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y. For over thirty years Dr. Pierce has made a specialty of the treatment of diseases peculiar to women. In that time he has treated over half-a-million women, ninety-eight per cent. of whom have been perfectly cured. Every sick woman is invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without charge or cost. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers are mailed securely sealed in perfectly plain envelopes bearing no printing whatever upon them.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

Mr. Youngwife: "My dear, the bank in which my money is deposited has broken!" Mrs. Y.: "What a mercy you've got your check-book at home, love!"

In a college town.—Student (to servant at door): "Miss Brown?" Servant: "She's engaged." Student: "I know it. I'm what she's engaged to."

Hibernian in front of unfinished building to fellow-workman at fifth story window: "Mulcahy, go to the speaking tube. I want to tell yez to come down."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

"And now, my children," said the teacher, who had been talking about military fortifications, "can you tell me what is a buttress?" "Please, ma'am," cried little Willie, snapping his fingers, "it's a nanny goat."

"Yes," said Miss Cayenne, "he is undoubtedly a cynic." "What is your idea of a cynic?" "He is a person who keeps you continually in doubt whether he is unusually clever or unusually disagreeable."

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what she asked, if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one little fellow. "He was a poet."

Little Edith had been to church for the first time, and on her return her grandma asked her how she liked it. "I didn't like the organ very well," was the reply. "Why not?" asked the old lady. "'Cause," answered Edith, "there wasn't any monkey with it."

A teacher in civil government had told his pupils that once in ten years the State of Massachusetts takes a census. Little James, who is an attentive scholar, upon being called up to recite, said, "Once in every ten years Massachusetts comes to its senses."—New York Tribune.

Unitarians are amusingly fond of the minor key, but they don't mean anything by it. They are like the little boy hurrying to school to whom his companion said, "What a queer fellow you are, saying all the time, 'It's no use to run, we can't get there,' while you keep going all the same!"—Chicago Calendar.

When Nelson's famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," was given at Trafalgar,

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Dr. F. A. Roberts, Waterville, Me., says: "It is of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia."

a Scottish sailor complained to a fellow-countryman, "No a word o' pair auld Scotland." "Hoots, Sandy," answered his pal, "the admiral kens that every Scotsman will do his duty. He's just givin' the Englishers a hint."

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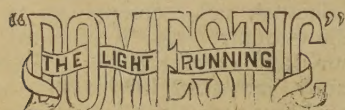
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In a village church near London, it was noticed, says the British Weekly, that the clergyman who officiated as *locum tenens* during the regular parson's holiday wore a black and white hood over his surplice. A visitor sojourning in the place observed to her landlady that he must be a Cambridge Bachelor of Arts. "Ah, well, miss," was the reply, "I don't think he'll be a bachelor long; for they say he has five portraits of the same young lady in his sitting-room."

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